JOHN BULL, AUGUST 27, 1932.

DOWN ECONOMY STREET SEE PAGES 16 and 17

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1367.

JOHN BULL

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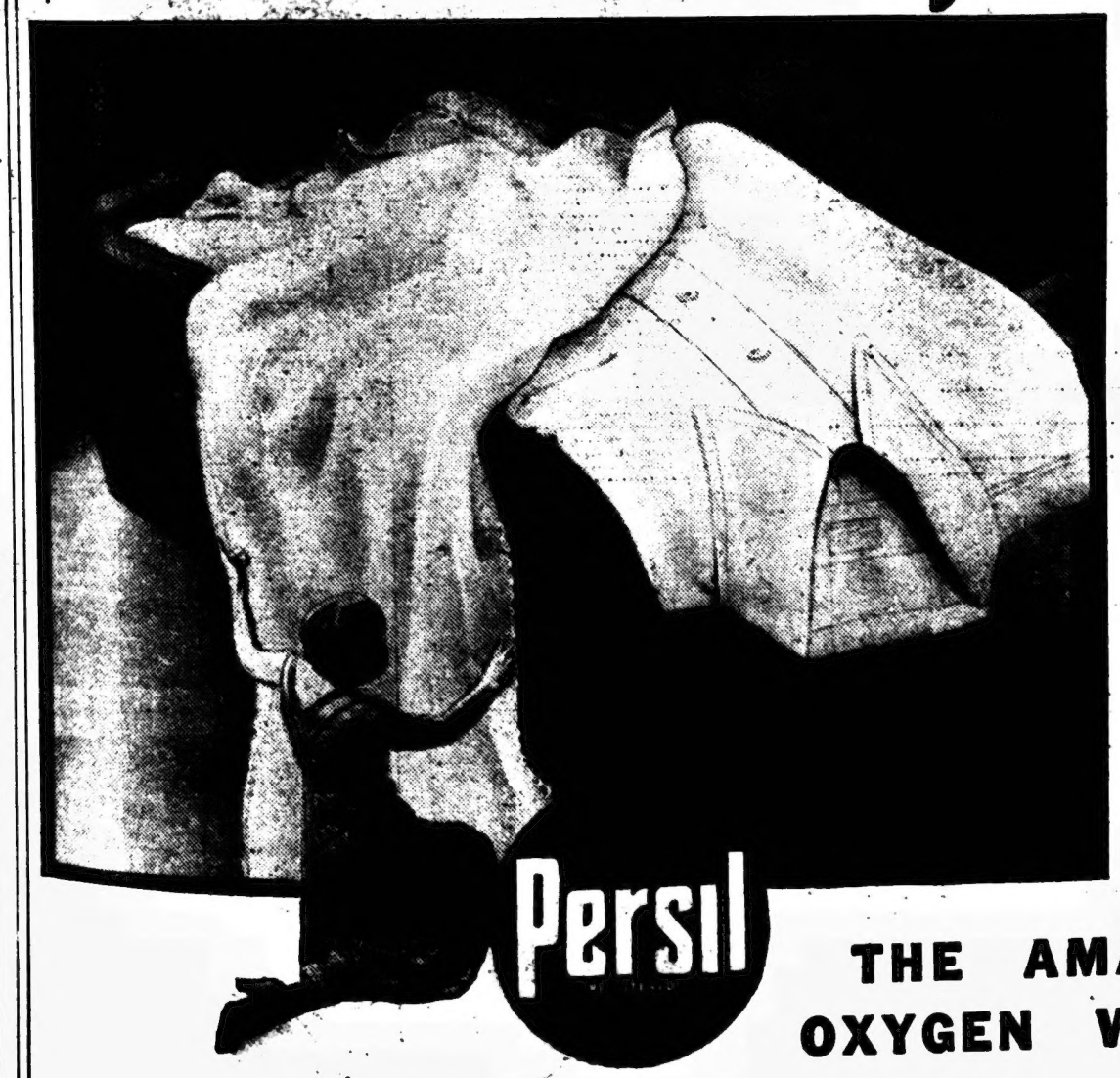
Persil's OXYGEN SUDS
make whiteness perfect
because they cleanse



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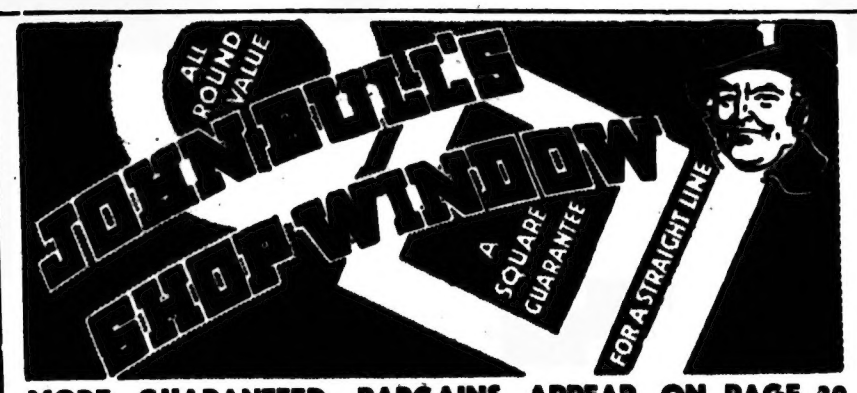

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 30

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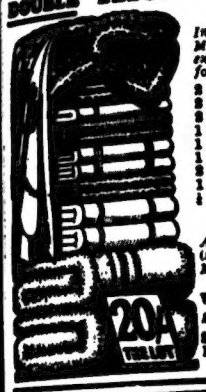

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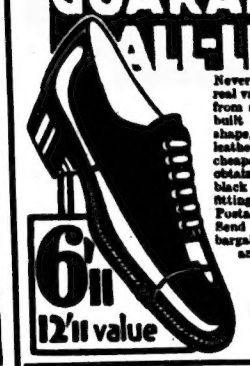

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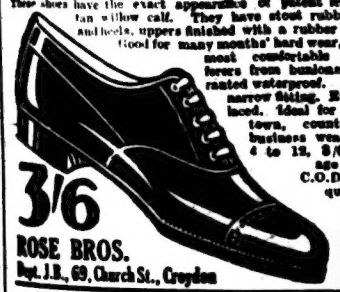

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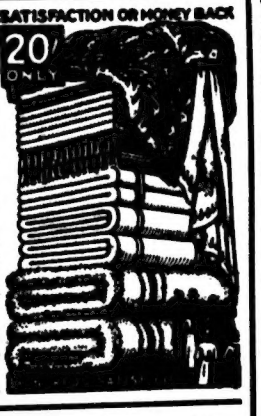

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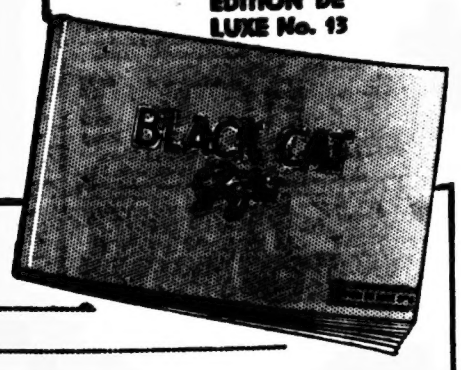

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Greater than Ottawa . .

BLOOD *and* SENTIMENT

OTTAWA!

The receptions and the deceptions have ended. The delegates will shortly be back in their vastly separated homes in the far-flung Empire on which the sun never sets.

Ottawa. The word will remain writ large in the history of the world. It will be associated with political crises, Party crises, personal crises. There's the pity of it.

But, despite Ottawa, the British Empire will carry-on, growing in stature and in strength because it is founded on something greater and nobler than a slogan of the "Business is Business" type.

The trouble is that the huckstering and bargaining that have so marked Ottawa are likely to blind a good many people, both British and foreign, to the only true and lasting foundation of the Empire, which is "Kith and Kin," not "Business is Business."

Weeks ago the delegates converged on the Canadian city from all quarters of the globe. They carried with them the high hopes of almost countless millions of people. There was good will, a sense of kinship, a knowledge of blood-brotherhood.

The world was sick, disturbed, unhappy. So was the British Empire. The upheavals and convulsions that followed the dreadful August of eighteen years ago had neither subsided nor stilled. The globe itself had changed.

And Ottawa was to restore the financial health and vitality of those parts of it which are marked red on the map.

Without Fear or Favour

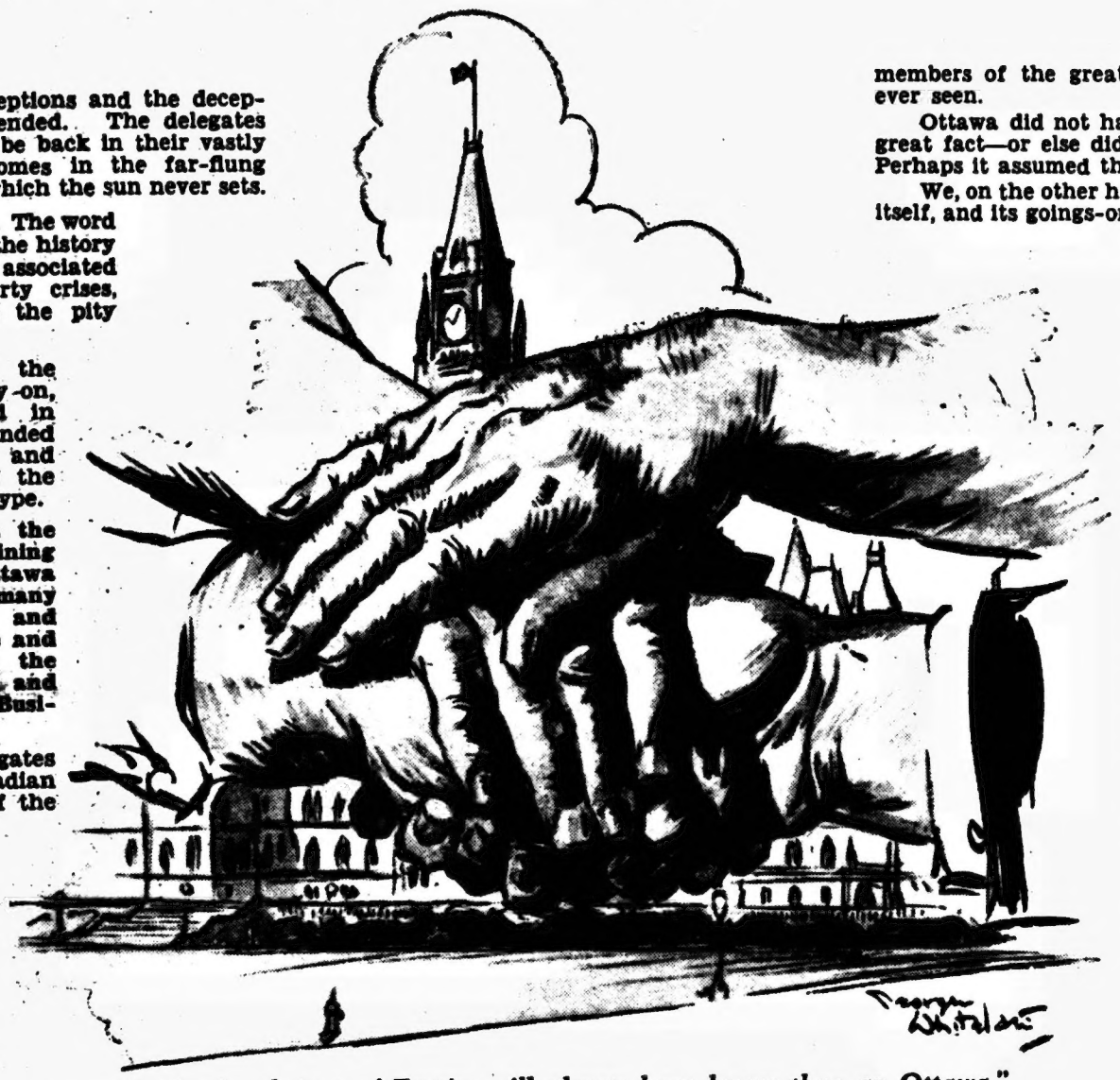
We hope it will. We hope that the various bargains and agreements that emerge from Ottawa will satisfy the present economic wishes of everybody concerned. We hope that Ottawa will prove to have forged a genuine economic link between the Mother Country and the Dominions.

If it does not do this it will have failed completely. Because, so far as we can see, it has forged no other link. Nor can it be said to have strengthened the family ties already in existence.

IT has presented to the world the spectacle of a lot of great nations, supposed to be knit together by blood and sentiment, carrying out a lot of smash-and-grab raids against one another—each out for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Brotherly love may have been in evidence behind the scenes, but it never got into print. And the world has judged Ottawa by what it read about it. We can imagine, for instance, how that cynical race of realists, the French, must have smiled to themselves.

We can hear them saying of Ottawa: "Blood may be thicker than Water, but Business is thicker than Blood."



"The hand-clasp of Empire will always loom larger than an Ottawa."

UNFORTUNATELY, a very large number of people in Britain and the Dominions must have been forced to echo these words.

What we wish to insist on is that Ottawa has expressed the Empire only in terms of economic necessities—and, important as that side may be, it is not the only side or the most vital one.

Economic bonds are all very well in their way, but they are not as lasting as the ties of flesh and blood. The bargain that suits the emergencies of Britain and Canada to-day, say, may not be the one that is best for both peoples in thirty years' time. Circumstances are continually altering financial cases.

The thing that remains unaltered all the time, and must remain unaltered if the Empire is to be anything else but a grandiloquent sham, is the racial bond—the fact that these great Dominions—Australia, Canada, New Zealand—sprang direct from the loins of Britain, that they have been peopled with her stock, and that their descendants are, beneath their superficial differences members of the greatest family the world has ever seen.

Ottawa did not have time to emphasise this great fact—or else did not think it worth while. Perhaps it assumed that everybody knew it.

We, on the other hand, think that it is Ottawa itself, and its goings-on, that have made it timely and necessary to labour this vital point.

Suppose you are on a visit to Paris, Berlin, Vienna or—if you like—in Moscow. You "happen across" a Canadian, an Australian, or a New Zealander. Do you think his heart is going to warm towards you because you happen to belong to a country that has put a tax on Argentine beef?

No. If his heart warms towards you at all, it is because you speak the same language, come of the same stock, have the same blood running in your veins. Because you have the Anglo-Saxon outlook on life, the same ideals, the same loyalties, the same devotion to democratic liberties. Because you fought under the same flag and for the same cause.

You will swop yarns about some fellow who left Aberdeen to go to Christchurch, and is doing well, or somebody in Montreal whose sweetheart in Bristol came over to marry him, or a young "coming-on" chap in Sydney who mails a letter every week to his old mother in Birmingham.

You will all agree that it would be a fine, a magnificent thing if all the parts of the British Empire fixed up an economic arrangement that would enable the lot of you to do "thumbs up" to the rest of the world.

But you will know instinctively that the tie of blood and sentiment is a more magnificent thing.

The hand-clasp of Empire will always loom larger than an Ottawa.

It was not an economic arrangement that brought the Australians to Gallipoli and the Canadians to Ypres not so very long ago!

A BUSINESS understanding may result from Ottawa; one that will strengthen and consolidate the material interests of the British Commonwealth and exploit to the full its incalculable resources. We devoutly hope it will.

But don't lose sight of those other spiritual resources.

The British Empire will stand only so long as it is finally based not on the shifting calculations of the bargainers in the market-place, but on a kinship that no assaults can ever reach.

In the long run the cement of Empire is "Blood and Sentiment," not "Business is Business."

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Wrong Way with the Armed Bandits

PRIVATE individuals have started shooting with revolvers at the bandits and raiders.

A natural instinct, no doubt. But that isn't the way to stop the menace of the modern highwaymen.

It is more likely to encourage armed gangsters of the American type.

We hope that the practice will not grow in this country.

The only way

There is only one sure way to exterminate the armed bandit. First, he must be made to recognise that his chances of escaping capture are negligible. Second, he must be sure that when he is captured he is going to get a very heavy sentence—first offence or not.

The police must see to the former; the judges to the latter. It is up to them to protect the country from the bandit.

The individual citizen can do his bit best by going to the help of the police when required—not by taking pot-shots on his own, however great the temptation.

The reckoning

After Ottawa—the reckoning.

Liberal Free Traders in the Government are not likely to resign because of the agreements made at the Conference.

But Lord Snowden may.

And the Liberals are certain to embarrass their colleagues in the Cabinet by declaring that Britain has got the worst of the bargains with the Dominions.

Better Budget hopes

Directly he gets back from Ottawa, Mr. Chamberlain will start to draw up his autumn Budget.

And it may be a brighter Budget than any of us expected.

Revenue—except for income-tax and the beer duties—is coming in well, while expenditure is below the estimate.

So he may be able to take off the "Snowden Penny" from the Beer Tax.

More wise saving

Mr. Chamberlain is also likely to launch several more conversion schemes soon.

They will save the country £6,000,000 a year.

War Loan and Treasury bonds to the value of £280,000,000, which now earn their holders 4½ per cent. interest, will be reduced to 3½ per cent.—or even lower.

The Treasury has all the plans ready. Let us hope it will hear the word "Go!" as quickly as possible.

Why the delay?

The World Economic Conference may not meet before next January. Yet its job is urgent enough—for it is to deal with one of the chief causes of trade depression.

The excuse given for the delay is that it can't be held until after the American Presidential Election in November. But there's much preparatory work to be done and a start should be made with that.

The Government hasn't yet even named its experts who are to work on the Preparatory Committee.

Inside knowledge

One of the largest institutions for the supposed mentally defective is the Royal Eastern Counties Asylum at Colchester.

Dr. Turner, the superintendent of the asylum, has been conducting research upon the inmates.

He declares that the defectives of the lower social classes — presumably the working classes—who are imprisoned are *of much the same intelligence as the rest of their class which is earning its living and carrying on in the outside world.*

What a hint—from one of its own experts—to the Board of Control to begin releasing its sane prisoners from the asylums!

Will Lord Snowden Resign?

New Conversion Scheme

It is the policeman and the judge who must exterminate the bandit

Ban that must go

Scores of important industrial schemes are being held up because of the Treasury ban on new issues of capital. This means that armies of men are kept out of jobs.

The ban, started to help War Loan Conversion operations, is popular in the City because it helps to keep prices higher on the Stock Exchange.

But industry is more important than Stock Exchange speculation. The ban must be raised at once.

Vicious nonsense

Beware of the stock-broking firms which issue harrowing circulars to their clients, warning them that there's little hope for British industry and that money should be invested in New York.

One firm even declares that the pound is going to fall heavily in the autumn.

Such tales are not only nonsense, but vicious nonsense.

We urge the Stock Exchange Committee to stop this arrant attempt to undermine confidence in the Old Country.

Houses to let

The Minister of Health, Sir E. Hilton Young, is a man of sense. He has urged building societies to use some of their funds in providing houses that could be let at reasonable rents.

Thousands of working people can't afford to buy a house even through a building society. They want well-built houses at rents within their means.

The building societies will do the country a great service if they see that these houses are built.

Bringing them up

We are glad that Mr. Ramsbottom, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, has been telling country teachers to remember that it is the plough rather than the pen that will guide many boys, perhaps not to wealth, but to wisdom and happiness.

Yes, we'd rather teach them how to become good citizens than to bisect triangles and whatnot.

Other times—

It used to be difficut to persuade prominent barristers to accept judgeships. For them, the Bar was more profitable than the Bench.

But lately discreet hints have reached the Lord Chancellor that several well-known counsel would welcome appointment as judges.

For even the Bar has been hit by the "slump."

Second Solomon wanted

Here is a real life puzzle.

A railwayman who was summoned at Willesden for rates said he had nine children to keep on 27s. a week.

A commitment order was suspended for a week, and he was advised to try to come to terms with the council.

That's all.

There is no prize for the solution, because we do not know the answer ourselves.

A ghastly error

There are some mistakes which can neither be forgiven nor excused.

Such as the one made at Stockton, Durham, the other day.

A coffin believed to contain the remains of a young woman who had died in Stockton Hospital was buried in the churchyard at Seaton Carew.

Then it was found that the coffin really contained an elderly woman, and a special Home Office order will be necessary to remove it.

This is a matter for official enquiry.

Hot air

Why do good business men who talk sense in their offices so often talk bunk when they get on a platform?

Mr. Percy A. Best, at the Drapers' Chamber of Trade Summer School, said that women shop assistants are more loyal to their employers than men.

We just don't believe it. A good, honest, hard-working man is as much worth his money as a good, honest, hard-working woman.

Mr. Best made his speech when the heat-wave was in full blast. That may help to explain it.

Poor, petted puss!

An old lady of Godalming, Surrey, who died a few days ago, left instructions that her pet Persian cat should be destroyed and buried with her in the same coffin.

Presumably the cat enjoyed life, and to kill it seems to us to be a strange way of expressing fondness.

Better to be just a tabby and live than to be a pet Persian and die. There's a lesson for us humans in that.

Sweet lavender

Here is a little bunch of old-fashioned, sweet-smelling lavender.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Jones, aged 83 and 80 respectively, have just celebrated their diamond wedding at their Mitcham home, and they say their married life has not been a day too long. The Bright Young People will think it is "too, too quaint."

Let them. They will probably miss what Mr. and Mrs. Jones have found.

A careless coroner

A holiday-maker in Cornwall has lately been fined £2 for depositing broken glass on the highway.

We have no sympathy for him, especially as he was described as a deputy coroner and should, therefore, be expected to help in upholding the law.

The broken glass peril is a real one. There is no reason at all why it should exist, and the sooner it is stamped out the better.

A tyrannical "Co-op."

They might have got away with it a hundred years ago. But they can't now.

So the Chester-le-Street Co-operative Society has just been fined £10 and ten guineas costs.

Not much, perhaps—but it will serve as a warning to other bullying employers.

This precious "Co-op." sent a letter to the father of one of its employees—a thinly-veiled threat that unless he bought more goods from the Society his son would be dismissed.

Penny wise

A Post Office van-driver was fined the other day for exceeding the speed limit, and it transpired that the authorities refuse to fit speedometers to the vans.

This is a stupid form of economy. It does nobody any good, and may easily result in harm to a great many people.

Warning

The coming football season will bring with it the usual crop of "mushroom" bookmakers. By the inducement of long odds and the blandishment of wheedling circulars, they'll get clients to help swell their banking accounts.

Punters are cautioned to deal only with firms of repute and long-standing in the business.

With the "mushroom" type of bookmaker you *lose* even when you win.

Trade protection

Last week we exposed a bogus trade society in Manchester called the British Enquiry Service. Victims of this ramp were assured that the concern was affiliated to the London Association for the Protection of Trade, which we inadvertently stated did not exist.

We wish at once to correct this misstatement. The London Association has, in fact, a long and honoured history, and has, of course, no connection whatsoever with the Manchester concern.

We offer to the Association our sincere apologies.

If you like surprises "John Bull" has a big one for you

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

HALLELUJAH!

.. The BIG Revival *is* COMING

The General addressing a big meeting on his tour

by

General Higgins,

Head of the Salvation Army

IT is not quite so simple to predict a religious revival as it is to forecast a heat-wave!

But just as meteorological experts can make their deductions from atmospheric changes a great way off, so spiritually minded folk can sense in some measure the changing currents of the religious world.

By the word "revival" I take it we mean simply the birth of a new interest, a re-awakening.

It does not necessarily imply the rise of a new movement, nor even the visible reunion of separate bodies of Christians for a joint onslaught upon the forces of unbelief, as is taking place among the Methodists.

What it does suggest is a deepening of ardour throughout the religious communities, producing in its turn a fresh response from the outside world.

Nothing impressed me more during my recent tour in Australia and New Zealand than the many signs I met with that these two factors were actively at work in the Antipodes. In every city and town I visited I addressed meetings that were packed to overflowing. A conservative estimate puts the attendance figures in 149 public gatherings at no fewer than 260,000.

NINE thousand people crowded the huge Exhibition Buildings at Melbourne for a Sunday night service. Twenty-two thousand attended the three services of the day. And 1,700 men and women publicly confessed their need of salvation.

Wherever I went I found unmistakable evidence of a return to religion.

In the Commonwealth, as in all lands, there has been a great wave of indifference towards spiritual matters, dating from the war. People deserted the churches, and the feverish pursuit of worldly pleasure has led millions of them far from their pre-war ideals of faith and service.

But now a change is clearly noticeable. Not only are attendances at Salvation Army meetings much larger; a great many clergymen in Australia with whom I held conversations told me that they, too, are having larger congregations.

And, from what I heard, the clergy will not be slow to take advantage of this new awakening.

A large number of churches in New Zealand and Australia are now genuinely anxious to make a concerted effort to lead back to God and religion all those who have gone astray in the terrible wave of apathy and cynicism which swept over the world after the war.

Cheering as are the attendance figures I have mentioned, they would not in themselves be sufficient to warrant the prediction of a world revival. They might only indicate a purely local "shower" of blessing. But they are by no means isolated.

THOSE vast meetings in the Albert Hall, London, last November, packed by crowds who came knowing that there was to be nothing in the shape of spectacle or music, but only the simple preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ, are still fresh in my memory.

Five or six years ago I do not believe it would have been possible to fill that great hall for a meeting of so purely religious a character.

Nor are these happy omens confined to Great Britain and the Empire. The latest reports from Scandinavia, Switzerland and Germany show that the same influences are at work in those countries, whilst America is by no means untouched by the general religious wave.

Similarly, all kinds and conditions of men are being reached in various ways, and the rapid strides made by the Group Movement in university and factory alike afford an interesting sidelight on this fact.

But highly significant as is the weight of this accumulated evidence, the world atmosphere of what I think can best be described as "expectancy" is even more impressive to those who have trained themselves to observe such phenomena.

The world is undoubtedly ripening for a new wave of religious feeling.

WHEREVER I have travelled recently I have found that people are looking for a message. Clergymen, preachers, religious workers of all sorts, who have a clear message to give, have no difficulty in drawing people to their services and meetings.

The trouble has been that so few men have had a clear message to impart. The post-war era has been one of dissension and indecision. There has been no conviction among the leaders of the people, and no faith on the part of the masses.

But there are signs that this state of affairs is quickly changing.

For some reason which it is hard to fathom, religious revivals definitely recur in more or less regular cycles. Some are almost purely local, as was the case with the Welsh revival of 1903. Others, like those of the 'seventies and 'eighties, last longer and extend their influence far more widely.

Revivals spring up most readily in days of hardship and depression such as the world is now suffering. They may, like the one I am convinced is coming, be long overdue; but they are certain to come sooner or later.

It is clear to me that at long last the fatal post-war wave of indifference, unbelief, pleasure-seeking and self-gratification has reached its limit and is on the ebb. The world is beginning to realise the emptiness and folly of its materialistic philosophies. It is hungering for what alone can satisfy it.

The growing readiness on the part of ministers of religion to co-ordinate their efforts to this end was very evident to me in Australia. And a little incident at Highgate where a vicar's wife addressed one of our own meetings, moving many of the audience to tears, is one of many which go to show that the same spirit is at work in this country.

By far the most encouraging feature of the coming revival, which most rejoices the soul of the true soldier of Christ, is the growing readiness with which young people everywhere are responding to the call.

Young people of both sexes are thought by many to be irreligious. I do not go so far as that. On the surface they may seem to be without any religious feeling, but deep down in their hearts I know that there is the same craving for the realities of life that is common to all humanity.

Perhaps every great war brings in its train a period of restlessness and superficiality. Certainly it has been so since 1914. Greater freedom, rapid advances in scientific discovery have, among other developments, given young men and women opportunities of doing all manner of things which their grandparents never even imagined.

In themselves there is no harm in these modern pleasures and pursuits. The danger lies in giving up the deeper things of the spirit on their account.

Happily, after years of materialism and pleasure-seeking, Youth is beginning to ask itself: "Well, after all, what have I gained that is worth while?"

The economic pinch of to-day accentuates the dubiousness of this question. It is producing a deep-rooted dissatisfaction which is forcing large numbers of men and women to look elsewhere for the peace and happiness which they have failed to find.

For this return to religion among the younger generation I believe we are also largely indebted to the conscious or unconscious influence of the parents.

MOST present-day parents were young men and women during the war years. Bitterly disappointed that the return of peace failed to bring the blessings which they had been led to expect, many of them lost faith and heart, abandoning themselves to a despairing scepticism as their visions of a man-made millennium melted.

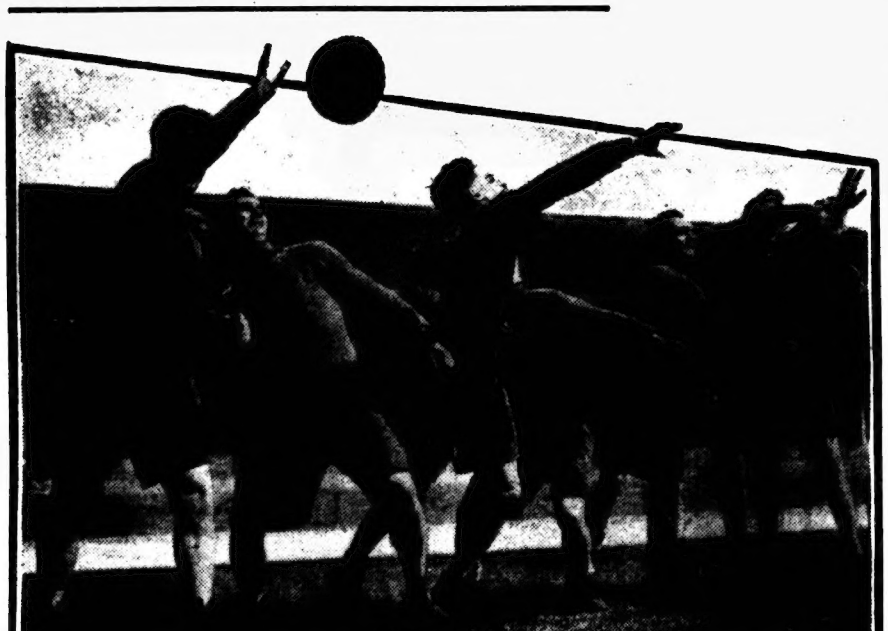
To-day they are in many cases beginning to realise all that they have lost, and they are all the more anxious that their children shall not fall into a like error.

The acid test of the success of any movement, we all know, lies in its ability to win over the young.

Well, I am confident that the world revival of religion will speed forward on the shoulders of Youth.

At Saturday's KICK-OFF You will see . .

The ADVENT



Trained to get the last ounce out of Brains and Brawn

by **CORINTHIAN,** *the famous Football authority*

ON Saturday a million football enthusiasts all over Britain will have a chance to run the eye over "the new stuff"—the young recruits to the big Soccer professional teams.

They are going to weigh up the chances of future fame for that tyro prancing out of the dressing-room to play his first game of first-class football and for that second-season colt who is determined this year to burst out of the ruck of mediocre players and win an International cap.

In most teams there will be one or two such boys just on the threshold of their football careers—in some teams, many.

"There he is," the crowd will roar, when they set eyes on the new man.

And so eager and alert and bursting with energy will he seem, especially to the feminine eye, that no one will guess the truth about him—that he is very nervous indeed as to what sort of show he will make.

Be charitable to those "new men" you will see on Saturday. There are going to be more of them this year than ever before, for Time took a heavy toll of old players last year.

They will not need your charity for long—for all the football experts who have been permitted a peep behind the scenes are unanimous that 1932-33 will see the finest new crop of young players in football history.

Potential stars

They are the foretaste of the New Football that is coming—a game more brainy, more scientific, altogether more brilliant than anything seen in the days before the war.

Let us take stock of the recruits who look like soaring to stardom during the season 1932-33 and after.

They are youngsters ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-two, which means that their fathers and uncles were home from the war when they were starting to kick a ball about, and were able to play with them, and help them with encouragement and tuition.

Furthermore, real football had got into its stride again after the dead war years, and there were first-class matches to watch and follow and a revived spirit of football enthusiasm.

How unlike the players who came into the game three, five, seven years ago!

Those men spent their boyhood when the greatest players were overseas, when football was anything but first class, when the standards before them were pretty low.

Remember that the great footballer is made between the age of six and twelve, at which time he shows more interest in kicking things about than in walking. Then you will realise under what a great handicap the first batches of post-war recruits suffered.

Football, then, is recovering from the effects of the war as soon as it was possible for it to do so—when the first generation that could learn the game without suffering any ill-effects from the war has reached adult football age.

These young men we shall see on Saturday are twice blessed.

They have developed in a world that knows much more about sport than it did before the war, a world that has so applied science and technique to all branches of sport and athletics that our pre-war records are disappearing like snow in the sun.

You have only to study the Olympic Games results to understand that—world record after world record beaten by men who have used their brains as well as their arms and legs.

Yes, a New Football is here, and these youngsters are the heralds of it.

Let us take the four great discoveries of the end of last season, practically unknown when the season began, who flamed into prominence as late as April last and on Saturday begin the 1932-33 season as the new stars of football.

One is O'Dowd, Chelsea's New Style centre-half. Another is Weaver, Newcastle's New Style half-back. A third is Pearson, the New Style goalkeeper of West Bromwich Albion. A fourth is Shaw, West Bromwich's clever back—and as New Style as any of them.

Yes, New Style. And they are words not without meaning. The New Style is being clever and quick in playing to each other—as different from the lumbering, cart-horse methods of half the pre-war players, and the quick, flashing tactics of many players of to-day, as chalk is from cheese.

The man who looks brilliant by reason of his dash and vigour is often an inferior player. The New Style genius just looks all the time as if he happened to be where the ball is. He anticipates the other man—and the rest is easy.

His brilliance usually consists of some quick flash in his brain, something the unthinking portion of the crowd doesn't see and therefore doesn't understand. All the spectators see is a quick turn of the ankle—and they are left to think that was all there was in it.

Great "keeping"

The brilliant young footballers of to-day and the future may appear to be lazy by comparison with the dash-here-dash-there men of the past.

Let us watch Pearson's goalkeeping. He was taught the game in his own back-yard with a sixpenny ball when the war had ended and his father had returned to the job of keeping goal for Albion.

If Pearson were a little older he might not have had that invaluable advice—might never have learned so much about the game that now there is rarely any need for him to prance about the goal-mouth or throw himself in the mud as less expert goalkeepers find so necessary.

Even when the fiercest attack on his goal is developing he just stands cool and clean and sleek of hair, watching the head of the man who is in charge of the ball as carefully as he watches his feet.

When he moves at all it is usually a matter of inches—and it is a move called for by some change in the tac of the attackers.

In that second before the shot taken he knows who will make And when he knows he takes anot hundredth of a second to k whether it will come from a right left foot.

And then—well, it just happens t he is standing where the ball tries enter the net. It is all so easy!

He can tell exactly what kind of s a man has in mind when he "shap to kick, and no amount of trickery ever deceive him.

No wonder the old-time style of g keeping is to him just a silly way dirtying a nice clean jersey.

And there's Chelsea's Peter O'Do now accepted as the cleverest cent half in the country. He was one of earliest of the New Style players.

So New Style is *he* that the people who had the chance of his vices did not think he could play. is 6 ft. tall without being gawky, they said at once, when they saw h that centre-halves should be of a ferent type.

When he began looking round fo club three or four years ago Blackb Rovers decided they had no use him. They judged him by the standa of the old school.

So he went to Burnley, and m brilliant football look like a hap accident.

But Chelsea knew it wasn't, and s raised £5,000 to buy him; with result that last year people saw him he really is, and he rose in one sea to the very top of the game.

Sure Shaw

Weaver is just as modern, and, his own way, just as remarkab Nothing of the old bull-rushing ha back about him.

He goes through a whole match wi out appearing to sprint after the b once.

It is just as though he has train the ball to come to him. But when decides to shed it—it goes to the toe the man he picks out as surely as carried there by an hotel waiter.

And the same can be said of Sh of West Bromwich as a back.

"Shaw is just like Carnera," said

of the NEW-STYLE FOOTBALL

They won't trick him. A sixth sense tells him what to expcet

Scottish forward, frustrated for the tenth time. "I know he is only a moderate-sized chap for a back, but what I really mean is that he is always looming in front of you.

"Whenever I try to get through, whichever way I turn, whatever direction the ball comes from, there's Shaw. And the extraordinary thing is that he always seems as though he has been there all the time. You never seem to notice him getting there."

He never kicks

Everybody at Chelsea will be looking out for McAulay, of course. He is the twenty-one-year-old player who went to America when he was ten, learned his football there, rose until he played in American first-class football, and has now come to play for one of the leading English sides—although he knew nothing about charging until he came home.

"The kicker who never kicks" is how they described this great left-back in America. He never seems to give the ball more than the merest flick, because of his marvellous timing, which sends it truer and faster than it would ever go from the foot of beefy "hard kickers."

You might think one good charge would finish this player who comes from a country where charging is not allowed in football. But you would be wrong. His colleagues have been trying it on him in a few practice matches, and they say that he is learning rather too well. You may put him down for a cap this year—for Scotland, seeing that he was born there.

There is J. Allen, Portsmouth's centre-half, the boy who was discovered in Hampshire junior football only the season before last, and simply raced through the reserve team last year to his permanent place in the first eleven.

The directors didn't quite know why the other side's forwards always lost the ball to Allen at first. They put it down to the forwards—thought they were off colour, or something like that. Allen didn't seem to move, so there was not much point in giving him the credit.

Muscles that obey

Then they assessed him for what he was—a brilliant exponent of the Brainier Football.

A lucky boy—and yet not altogether. The Fates have been kind to him, but not quite kind enough. That international cap would come easily this year if O'Dowd had decided to take up office work instead of football—but O'Dowd plays the New Football just a shade better than Allen, and fills the same position.

Then there is the thoughtful young footballer who decided as a lad that he would teach every muscle in his body to help him play football—Oakton, whom Chelsea has acquired from Bristol Rovers.

When he was a boy kicking an ordinary rubber ball about, and asking all and sundry to play with him, in the belief that everybody could teach him something, he determined that the average man was wasting three-quarters of the muscles Nature had given him. And it was just as true of the average professional footballer.

It would be putting it mildly to say that Oakton can now kick just as well with his left foot as his right and is as brilliant as an outside-right as outside-left. He has taught every muscle in his body to pull its weight, and so, at little more than twenty, he looks almost uncannily efficient to the best players of the old school.

Just a quick turn of the ankle—it all looks so easy

A good bet!

"At little more than twenty." One cannot usually be more explicit than that in giving the age of a footballer, for most of them hide their real ages after they have passed twenty. They don't, later on, want everybody to know they have qualified for the "shelf."

But one can give the exact age of Webb, the left-half of Fulham Reserves. He is young enough not to mind. He is only nineteen. And now that football directorates are recognising the New Style football when they see it, and not jumping to the conclusion that the exponents of it are lazy players who don't move about, you can make a bet about him.

You can say that you will eat your hat if he doesn't win his International cap.

This by no means exhausts the list of young men who are going to do brilliant things in remodelling the technique of football, in changing the standards of play so much that we who played before the war will scarcely be able to judge the higher points of it in five years' time.

There are many more—but they won't get their chance to show they are capable of great things until Saturday. Then they will teach you a little of what to expect in future.

One team, Leicester City, has bought four young colts from Scottish junior football — practically unheard-of boys. It is a great experiment. One hopes it will succeed.

The best yet

There were many mighty players before the war. Their names are household words to-day in homes where pre-war football enthusiasts are to be found. We have been thinking this last five years we shall never see their like again.

But look out for that "new man" on Saturday. In this era of cleverer and more scientific football that is dawning he may before long be a greater player than any of the stars you remember.

The Human Machine

Always Game

IF you're feeling "up against it," if you're beginning to believe that life holds nothing more for you and that you've come to an end of your resources, just sit down quietly and think over the following little stories:

There was once a man who lost his way in a blizzard in America. Both his hands and his two feet were frozen, and, to save his life, they had to be amputated. Would you have felt that all was at an end? Well, he didn't.

He got his town council to give him a pair of artificial legs, and to send him to college for two years. Then he became a teacher. In the holidays he earned money by painting fences and running a roller-skating rink.

Tiring of teaching, he became a newspaper man. Then he became an insurance agent, a land agent, and, finally, a banker.

To-day he is the president of the Minnesota Bankers' Association. He has been Speaker in the State Legislature. He drives his car, dances, hunts and lives like any ordinary person. And he often thanks God that he isn't a cripple!

There is another man in America who lost both his arms below the elbow in a railway smash. Was his life at an end? Not a bit of it. He runs a grocer's shop—and does all the work himself. He wraps up his own parcels and writes all his own letters.

There is a third, left almost completely paralysed by an infantile disease. When he grew up he became a writer—tapping out his articles on a typewriter with one finger, the only finger he could use. He became an editor, and later the mayor of his town.

To-day he is head of a college for crippled children, happy, respected and useful.

No man is ever completely down and out unless he puts himself there. No man is ever finally beaten who refuses to allow himself to be crushed and dispirited because Fate has dealt him a hard blow.

If a man is always game to try, there is no difficulty in the world that cannot be fought and overcome.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MARCONI

YOU *are* Wireless!

DEAR MARCONI.—This letter will not reach you for weeks unless they send it by aeroplane and drop it somewhere in the sea. For you are on board your steam yacht *Electra* in mid-Atlantic, I am told, experimenting with short waves.

Marconi not only rules the wireless waves. He invented them. Yet, like Canute, you cannot always order them.

Your yacht is the most perfectly fitted laboratory in the world, and while I am writing this you are in that laboratory planning new marvels, for you are the victim, nowadays, of your own invention.

In spite of yourself, you cannot cut yourself off from the world.

In order to plan new wireless inventions you have to steam away to sea, for the wireless waves which you once harnessed now follow you everywhere.

Paris Radio and Stuttgart and London all cut in on you. To invent something new, you have to escape from all the inventions to which you have devoted your life.

In thought, you live in a world of your own, isolated, so far from ordinary human conception that our brains cannot even guess its heights.

You have forgotten it, I expect, but I remember asking you one day why, whenever I saw you, you, one of the most brilliant men in the world though you were, always asked me something about a de Courville revue or "Have you seen Andre Charlot's new show?"

"Why do you want to talk about little things like that?" I asked.

You explained.

"If I were to talk about the things I think about," you replied, "there would be only two or three men in the world who could understand what I was saying."

* * *

Yes, we turn round a knob, and because of work you did years ago the most beautiful music in the world pours into our drawing-rooms, or we hear Harry Lauder singing or Gracie Fields clowning at a "mike"—and all for ten shillings a year.

And all this is due to your brain and your industry and your courage.

People have forgotten it, but, great Italian though you are, you were discouraged in your own country before you came to England.

In 1895 you sought, abroad, the encouragement denied you at home. You demonstrated to our G.P.O. so successfully that it provided you with facilities for experimental tests on Salisbury Plain. You sent a signal without the aid of wires for two miles.

Then, in 1901, thinking as heroically as Columbus once did, you decided to try to send a signal across the Atlantic. So, spending £50,000 of your own money, you erected aerial masts in Newfoundland and in Cornwall. When gales blew down the masts in Newfoundland you suspended the aerial with a kite.

Day after day, even that was blown away, until, the sixth time, it stayed up long enough for you to transmit an "S," the most distinctive of the Morse signals, over 2,500 miles.

Had you failed then it might have been the end of it.

As it is, the signal "S O S," thanks to your genius, has saved thousands of lives at sea. You are immortal if only because of that, for your invention will always bear your name.

* * *

Yet you are modest even about that.

When I told you once that I had included your name in an article I had just written on "Some Immortals I Know," you replied, with your usual modesty, that, a few weeks before, in the Sahara, you had read how Madame Tussaud's had been burned down and your waxen effigy had been melted.

"Immortality is like that," you said.

The Sahara was your place of refuge for experiments, then. Soon, not even the South Pole will be free from the messages your inventions have sent round the world.

Because of you, a great industry has grown in England, since the B.B.C. was formed only ten years ago.

Then, there were only a handful of wireless listeners. Now, they are legion. Then, there were only a score of British radio manufacturers. Now there are over 300. Then, their united capital was about £250,000. To-day it is £80,000,000. Then, it employed 20,000. Now, there are 1,000,000 people in Britain engaged in manufacturing the products based upon your skill.

Only a great brain like yours could have wiped out the memory of the past of the company that bore your name. For a long time, through no fault of yours—for you are an inventor, not a sharemonger — the words "Marconi Scandal" were on every tongue.

To-day, because of your ceaseless industry and your imaginative genius, the name Marconi means nothing of that kind.

The word Marconi to-day means, in the minds of all the little people of the earth, the man who has brought to their cottages, in the most out-of-the-way places, the latest news of the world outside, the voices of the greatest singers, and the symphonies of the best bands.

Your invention, after that of printing, has been the greatest educator the world has ever known.

Yet, all the time, you remain a man with one eye, nothing much to look at, a rather plain man—in fact, charming to meet, unobtrusive in mien, one of the world's great gentlemen. For only a man of fine character could have remained so simple when all the world was at his feet.

Britain's share in your invention is one of the finest things of which the recent history of our country can be proud. It encouraged you when no one else would, and, patriotic Italian though you are, you became almost one of ourselves. Once we adopted Handel, a German, like that, and S. F. Cody, an American, almost forgotten now, but one of the pioneers of the air.

You, to the end of your life, will be a pioneer. Your life is an Alpine peak in a world of dwarfs on which boosters crow.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir HAROLD BOWDEN,
Arnold, Notts

DEAR SIR HAROLD,—Olympic Games competitors are surpassing politicians, you say, in cementing nations.

So you must be proud to have been at the head of the British team of peace ambassadors now on its way home from Los Angeles.

We all know our men did their best in the Games, and it's good to hear they did their best to carry on the friendship between international athletes. Congratulations—and thanks.

JOHN BULL.

LORD WOLMER: Agree that telephone is too dear. But our system is not so far behind other countries as you think. America has lost two million telephone subscribers in two years!—JOHN BULL.

BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE,
Somerset House, London

GENTLEMEN,—Candidates for the job of an inspector of taxes are asked how they would distinguish between a swallow, a swift and a martin.

Then they have to describe the habits and mode of life of one of these birds.

What an absurd waste of time! With all respect to the official examiners, they must be the queerest birds that a tax inspector is ever likely to meet.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HOLFORD KNIGHT, K.C.,
Brick Court, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—You have long been known as the Parliamentary champion of hikers, so I am glad to have your support in my campaign against the litter louts.

Not only hikers, but everyone who uses the countryside and public parks should see that they are kept tidy. If, instead, they help to make them untidy, they should be prosecuted.

JOHN BULL.

PATRICK CHAMBERS,
Birmingham

THIEF,—A boy of eight found a £1 note the other day. He had never seen one before, and didn't know what it was.

You told him it was "only a piece of paper," and gave him two bananas for it.

I am not surprised you have been awarded a stiff sentence — three months' hard labour — for your trick was one of the most despicable I have ever known.

JOHN BULL.

Father T. A. CONNOLD,
Holy Trinity, Lambeth

DEAR PADRE,—Despite your heavy duties as a priest in a poor London parish you have found time to take your degree as a doctor of medicine.

You have realised, no doubt, that slum life shows its evil effects just as much in physical deterioration as in spiritual stagnation.

So, in adding the care of bodies to the cure of souls, you are working on sound lines.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. BROPHY,
Everton, Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—As you are a butcher, you are used to dealing with beasts. But not, I am sure, with maddened cows.

However, when an infuriated cow headed for a crowd of terror-stricken children, you seized the animal by its horns and stopped it.

Your clothing was torn to shreds, but it was worth while, for you saved the children. I commend your promptness and pluck.

JOHN BULL.

JESSIE HUNT, Southwark: Though only 15, you often leave home to wander on house-tops. If you don't stop this curious prank, you'll be mistaken for a cat-burglar one day.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM FINDLAY,
Secretary, M.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—For six seasons you have paid a pensioned police inspector £1 a day to operate a turnstile at Lord's Cricket Ground.

He has just been convicted of reversing the turnstile, which enabled him to embezzle the receipts.

This doesn't prove, of course, that other police pensioners are dishonest. But it does impel me to repeat that well-paid jobs should be given to men who really need them, and not to pensioners who can well do without them.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. GLADYS BEALE,
Hounslow, Middlesex

DEAR MADAM,—When you were visiting Southend a little boy fell between a moving train and the platform. You rushed to his rescue.

As a result you were terribly injured and part of the carriage had to be sawn away in order to release you.

Your own little boy was a horrified spectator of your bravery. He must feel proud of you. I know I am.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. G. WALKER,
Walthamstow, London

DEAR WALKER,—I have often commented on the meanness of those who steal flowers from graves. Yet I feel rather sorry for you.

An old man of eighty-two, you took flowers from two graves in order to put them on that of your late wife.

I am glad the Bench discharged you with a caution. But I hope other—and more reprehensible—offenders will be firmly dealt with.

JOHN BULL.

Can Lancashire SAVE Itself?

"She's a lassie fra' Lancashire" who to day finds the whole world challenging her

asks

A. G. GARDINER

IT is certain that if it cannot save itself, no power on earth can save it. Its case is desperate. The cotton trade is drifting like a derelict, rudderless, mutinous, crazy, to unthinkable disaster.

Negotiations have completely broken down in the weaving trade. Masters and men have ceased to meet, and Burnley, the immediate centre of the storm, is in a state approaching civil war, with the police guarding the few mills that are working.

Hostilities are spreading from town to town, from Preston to Nelson and from Blackburn to the Rossendale Valley.

Soon the whole weaving industry will be paralysed. And with it the spinning industry, for if there is no cloth woven there will be no cotton spun. Moreover, the spinners, too, are on the brink of a strike of their own.

This would be bad enough if Lancashire were prosperous and could afford to bleed itself white with the certainty of recovering afterwards. But Lancashire is not prosperous. Of all our staple industries, the cotton trade is the most heavily stricken by the war and the aftermath of the war.

It was always a vulnerable industry. Drawing its raw material from three thousand miles to the west, it had built up its prosperity on the basis of a vast trade with the Far East and the remote places of the earth.

It clothed the Indian and the Chinese, the Hottentot and the Sudanese, not because there was any particular secret in its manufacture, but because it had been first in the field, and had captured the world market.

Too cocksure

Its supremacy in that market was always menaced. Sooner or later, competition would arrive, but it was assumed it would come gradually, and that Lancashire would have time to adjust itself to the challenge.

But it came suddenly and catastrophically. The four years of the war obliterated world trade. It put our cotton industry out of action in the world market.

Lancashire was unaware of the terrific thing that was happening. It was busy making millions out of the necessities of the war, and it assumed, with its habitual cocksureness, that when the war was over it would recover all that had been lost in the interval.

Never was there a greater miscalculation. While we had been fighting, Japan, already a powerful competitor of Lancashire, had consolidated her hold on the Far Eastern market.

She had captured, not only the trade of Lancashire in China; but much of the trade in India. She went farther afield. With cheap labour and first-rate organisation, she penetrated Africa. It is she who to-day clothes the Sudanese and even the Hottentot, as well as the Hindu and the Chinese.

Challengers

Nor was it the competition of Japan alone that the war had stimulated. Bombay seized its opportunity, too, and much of the Indian unrest is fomented by the desire of the Bombay millowners to drive the competition of Lancashire out of India. Other countries—Italy, for example, and Russia—have become challengers in the world market.

What was the result? When the war was over Lancashire's customers did not come back. There was a momentary and infamous financial ramp in the trade based on the absurdly inflated profits made during the war. But the trade did not return.

The story of the financial wreckage in the cotton industry is the most dismal chapter of post-war history.

Great firms which had seemed built on rock have gone down like ninepins. Mills have been closed by the score and the hundred, and the machinery that occupied them has been scattered at old-iron prices and is now competing with Lancashire in Italy, in Russia, in India—all over the globe.

Unemployment has fallen on the county like a blight. Whole towns, wholly dependent on cotton, have had as much as 40, 50 and even 60 per cent. of the working population unemployed.

Self-murder

And how has Lancashire met this tremendous challenge to its existence? It has met it, not as if it was resolved to fight for its life, but as if its one purpose was to see how speedily it could commit suicide.

This is a hard thing to say, and I say it with hesitation. Some of the best years of my life were spent in Lancashire, in close contact with the cotton trade. I yield to no one in my respect for the sterling qualities of the Lancashire character.

But I am bound to say that, faced with a great crisis, it has acted and still acts as if everything was "still lovely in the garden," as though it was unaware of the terrific convulsion that had revolutionised the world.

Instead of recognising that it had to meet a new world with a new order of ideas, it has refused to face facts, buried its head in the sand, and spent a dozen priceless years in fighting over irrelevant issues and watching its magnificent heritage perish before its eyes.

It would be difficult to say whether employers or employed have cut the more lamentable figure in this grievous spectacle. The failure of the masters has been as flagrant as it is deplorable. They were confronted with the need of a complete reorganisation of the industry to deal with the problems of a new competitive world.

A few of them had the vision for the emergency. They would have consolidated the trade, cut away its dead wood, modernised its activities and brought it into line with the highly organised structure of the Japanese trade. But they were beaten by the selfish interests of the bat-eyed majority, and every scheme put forward has come to grief.

And the action of the men has been no less suicidal. With the spectacle of a perishing industry before their eyes, with half their fellow-operatives out of work and having no visible prospect of ever returning to work, they have resisted every expedient to breathe a breath of life into the trade.

For years they have fought against the principle of "more looms" per weaver, although every country that is taking the bread out of their mouths has adopted that principle long ago.

And as if to show that they can be as stupid as their men, the employers are refusing to discuss the reinstatement of the men who struck before June 11.

Upon this trivial issue, Lancashire is trembling on the brink of the biggest industrial smash in its history—a smash that may well prove the final nail in the coffin of the trade as a world factor.

For God's sake, gentlemen, masters and men alike, stop this fooling and get down to business! Turn your eyes from these trumpery quarrels to the great problem of how together you may save your trade and yourselves from the utter wreck that is impending.

If you do not, then the epitaph of history on Lancashire will be "Suicide while of Unsound Mind."

Not from the B.B.C.—Dame Fashion Offers a few Observations on

WOMEN'S MODES *and* MEN'S MOODS

I AM the woman who knows
What women to-morrow will wear;
What I say infallibly goes,
Though husbands may splutter and swear
Black and blue that they won't any longer waste cash on
My fads, they must bow in the end to Dame Fashion.

I alter the waist at my will,
The hips come and go as I say;
Each change helps to lengthen the bill
Which the lord of creation must pay;
Though each time he vows, as he forks out the lucre,
That one day he'll manage my tactics to euchre!

The hair I have bingled and bobbed,
The skirt I have lowered and raised;
And strong men have sorrowed and sobbed,
While women have wondered and praised;
For nothing I do their devotion estranges,
And so, with my belles, I keep ringing the changes!

It is really ridiculous the way men pretend that their masculine conservatism is more logical than my feminine capriciousness; for, when all is said and done, my modes are not more varied than their moods.

In days of old, when the skirt trailed along the ground, they called it a trap for germs. So, to show how sweetly reasonable I could be, I divorced woman from the long skirt by granting her a decree knees-high.

But what was the result? The men who had sneered at the long skirt proceeded to shriek at the short one, complaining that if one had been an attraction to microbes the other was an affront to morals.

Every time I have tried to conciliate these muddleheaded males they have displayed the same unreasonable attitude. In the days of the wasp waist they railed against the evils of tight-lacing; but when I started an anti-waist campaign and allowed women to go on the loose as regards their figures, men deplored the resulting loss of feminine allure.

Similarly, long hair was condemned as dangerous and unhygienic; but when women took to short hair men pulled long faces. So is it any wonder that I have given up trying to please the poor changeable mutts and go my way without regard to their injured feelings or wounded finances?

But an even louder howl of masculine anguish has now arisen because I have ordered my Paris satellites to design the new season's dresses on mediæval lines. The waist line will disappear, the skirt will join the bodice at the hips, and the dress will be fastened by means of closely set buttons down the back.

No woman on earth will be able to get into these frocks unaided, so now those ungrateful male monsters who for so long have been growling about nothing will have something to growl about.

Button me up the back, my dear, button me up the back;
For many years you've lounged and loafed and you are getting slack.
It's high time we provided work for the partly unemployed—
So put your pipe on the mantelshelf and don't look so annoyed.

Button me up the back, my dear, and don't imagine, pray,
That buttoning your pockets will postpone the evil day!
I simply haven't a thing to wear! So don't abuse the mode.
You don't expect your wedded wife to go about in woad?

So try and smile, though your fingers ache; and practise with a will
With hooks and eyes, and you will soon regain your pristine skill.
Please do not look so sulky, love; I don't like being cursed.
Cheer up! The first two dozen buttons always are the worst!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MARCONI

YOU *are* Wireless!

DEAR MARCONI.—This letter will not reach you for weeks unless they send it by aeroplane and drop it somewhere in the sea. For you are on board your steam yacht *Electra* in mid-Atlantic, I am told, experimenting with short waves.

Marconi not only rules the wireless waves. He invented them. Yet, like Canute, you cannot always order them.

Your yacht is the most perfectly fitted laboratory in the world, and while I am writing this you are in that laboratory planning new marvels, for you are the victim, nowadays, of your own invention.

In spite of yourself, you cannot cut yourself off from the world.

In order to plan new wireless inventions you have to steam away to sea, for the wireless waves which you once harnessed now follow you everywhere.

Paris Radio and Stuttgart and London all cut in on you. To invent something new, you have to escape from all the inventions to which you have devoted your life.

In thought, you live in a world of your own, isolated, so far from ordinary human conception that our brains cannot even guess its heights.

You have forgotten it, I expect, but I remember asking you one day why, whenever I saw you, you, one of the most brilliant men in the world though you were, always asked me something about a de Courville revue or "Have you seen Andre Charlot's new show?"

"Why do you want to talk about little things like that?" I asked.

You explained.

"If I were to talk about the things I think about," you replied, "there would be only two or three men in the world who could understand what I was saying."

* * *

Yes, we turn round a knob, and because of work you did years ago the most beautiful music in the world pours into our drawing-rooms, or we hear Harry Lauder singing or Gracie Fields clowning at a "mike"—and all for ten shillings a year.

And all this is due to your brain and your industry and your courage.

People have forgotten it, but, great Italian though you are, you were discouraged in your own country before you came to England.

In 1895 you sought, abroad, the encouragement denied you at home. You demonstrated to our G.P.O. so successfully that it provided you with facilities for experimental tests on Salisbury Plain. You sent a signal without the aid of wires for two miles.

Then, in 1901, thinking as heroically as Columbus once did, you decided to try to send a signal across the Atlantic. So, spending £50,000 of your own money, you erected aerial masts in Newfoundland and in Cornwall. When gales blew down the masts in Newfoundland you suspended the aerial with a kite.

Day after day, even that was blown away, until, the sixth time, it stayed up long enough for you to transmit an "S," the most distinctive of the Morse signals, over 2,500 miles.

Had you failed then it might have been the end of it.

As it is, the signal "S O S," thanks to your genius, has saved thousands of lives at sea. You are immortal if only because of that, for your invention will always bear your name.

* * *

Yet you are modest even about that.

When I told you once that I had included your name in an article I had just written on "Some Immortals I Know," you replied, with your usual modesty, that, a few weeks before, in the Sahara, you had read how Madame Tussaud's had been burned down and your waxen effigy had been melted.

"Immortality is like that," you said.

The Sahara was your place of refuge for experiments, then. Soon, not even the South Pole will be free from the messages your inventions have sent round the world.

Because of you, a great industry has grown in England, since the B.B.C. was formed only ten years ago.

Then, there were only a handful of wireless listeners. Now, they are legion. Then, there were only a score of British radio manufacturers. Now there are over 300. Then, their united capital was about £250,000. To-day it is £80,000,000. Then, it employed 20,000. Now, there are 1,000,000 people in Britain engaged in manufacturing the products based upon your skill.

Only a great brain like yours could have wiped out the memory of the pa of the company that bore your nam For a long time, through no fault yours—for you are an inventor, not sharemonger — the words "Marcon Scandal" were on every tongue.

To-day, because of your ceaseless i dustry and your imaginative geni the name Marconi means nothing that kind.

The word Marconi to-day means, the minds of all the little people of th earth, the man who has brought their cottages, in the most out-of-th way places, the latest news of the wor outside, the voices of the greate singers, and the symphonies of the be bands.

Your invention, after that of print ing, has been the greatest educator th world has ever known.

Yet, all the time, you remain a ma with one eye, nothing much to look a a rather plain man—in fact, charmin to meet, unobtrusive in mien, one o the world's great gentlemen. For onl a man of fine character could have re mained so simple when all the wor was at his feet.

Britain's share in your invention one of the finest things of which th recent history of our country can b proud. It encouraged you when no on else would, and, patriotic Italia though you are, you became almost on of ourselves. Once we adopted Handel a German, like that, and S. F. Cody an American, almost forgotten now but one of the pioneers of the air.

You, to the end of your life, will b a pioneer. Your life is an Alpine pea in a world of dwarfs on which booster crow.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir HAROLD BOWDEN,
Arnold, Notts

DEAR SIR HAROLD,—Olympic Games competitors are surpassing politicians, you say, in cementing nations.

So you must be proud to have been at the head of the British team of peace ambassadors now on its way home from Los Angeles.

We all know our men did their best in the Games, and it's good to hear they did their best to carry on the friendship between international athletes. Congratulations—and thanks.

JOHN BULL.

LORD WOLMER: Agree that telephone is too dear. But our system is not so far behind other countries as you think. America has lost two million telephone subscribers in two years!—JOHN BULL.

BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE,
Somerset House, London

GENTLEMEN,—Candidates for the job of an inspector of taxes are asked how they would distinguish between a swallow, a swift and a martin.

Then they have to describe the habits and mode of life of one of these birds.

What an absurd waste of time! With all respect to the official examiners, they must be the queerest birds that a tax inspector is ever likely to meet.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HOLFORD KNIGHT, K.C.,
Brick Court, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—You have long been known as the Parliamentary champion of hikers, so I am glad to have your support in my campaign against the litter louts.

Not only hikers, but everyone who uses the countryside and public parks should see that they are kept tidy. If, instead, they help to make them untidy, they should be prosecuted.

JOHN BULL.

PATRICK CHAMBERS,
Birmingham

THIEF,—A boy of eight found a £1 note the other day. He had never seen one before, and didn't know what it was.

You told him it was "only a piece of paper," and gave him two bananas for it.

I am not surprised you have been awarded a stiff sentence — three months' hard labour — for your trick was one of the most despicable I have ever known.

JOHN BULL.

Father T. A. CONNOLD,
Holy Trinity, Lambeth

DEAR PADRE,—Despite your heavy duties as a priest in a poor London parish you have found time to take your degree as a doctor of medicine.

You have realised, no doubt, that slum life shows its evil effects just as much in physical deterioration as in spiritual stagnation.

So, in adding the care of bodies to the cure of souls, you are working on sound lines.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. BROPHY,
Everton, Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—As you are a butcher, you are used to dealing with beasts. But not, I am sure, with maddened cows.

However, when an infuriated cow headed for a crowd of terror-stricken children, you seized the animal by its horns and stopped it.

Your clothing was torn to shreds, but it was worth while, for you saved the children. I commend your promptness and pluck.

JOHN BULL.

JESSIE HUNT, Southwark: Though only 15, you often leave home to wander on house-tops. If you don't stop this curious prank, you'll be mistaken for a cat-burglar one day.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM FINDLAY,
Secretary, M.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—For six seasons you have paid a pensioned police inspector £1 a day to operate a turnstile at Lord's Cricket Ground.

He has just been convicted of reversing the turnstile, which enabled him to embezzle the receipts.

This doesn't prove, of course, that other police pensioners are dishonest. But it does impel me to repeat that well-paid jobs should be given to men who really need them, and not to pensioners who can well do without them.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. GLADYS BEALE,
Hounslow, Middlesex

DEAR MADAM,—When you were visiting Southend a little boy fell between a moving train and the platform. You rushed to his rescue.

As a result you were terribly injured and part of the carriage had to be sawn away in order to release you.

Your own little boy was a horrified spectator of your bravery. He must feel proud of you. I know I am.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. G. WALKER,
Walthamstow, London

DEAR WALKER,—I have often commented on the meanness of those who steal flowers from graves. Yet I feel rather sorry for you.

An old man of eighty-two, you took flowers from two graves in order to put them on that of your late wife.

I am glad the Bench discharged you with a caution. But I hope other—and more reprehensible—offenders will be firmly dealt with.

JOHN BULL.

Can Lancashire SAVE Itself?

"She's a lassie fra' Lancashire" who to day finds the whole world challenging her

asks

A. G. GARDINER

IT is certain that if it cannot save itself, no power on earth can save it. Its case is desperate. The cotton trade is drifting like a derelict, rudderless, mutinous, crazy, to unthinkable disaster.

Negotiations have completely broken down in the weaving trade. Masters and men have ceased to meet, and Burnley, the immediate centre of the storm, is in a state approaching civil war, with the police guarding the few mills that are working.

Hostilities are spreading from town to town, from Preston to Nelson and from Blackburn to the Rossendale Valley.

Soon the whole weaving industry will be paralysed. And with it the spinning industry, for if there is no cloth woven there will be no cotton spun. Moreover, the spinners, too, are on the brink of a strike of their own.

This would be bad enough if Lancashire were prosperous and could afford to bleed itself white with the certainty of recovering afterwards. But Lancashire is not prosperous. Of all our staple industries, the cotton trade is the most heavily stricken by the war and the aftermath of the war.

It was always a vulnerable industry. Drawing its raw material from three thousand miles to the west, it had built up its prosperity on the basis of a vast trade with the Far East and the remote places of the earth.

It clothed the Indian and the Chinese, the Hottentot and the Sudanese, not because there was any particular secret in its manufacture, but because it had been first in the field, and had captured the world market.

Too cocksure

Its supremacy in that market was always menaced. Sooner or later, competition would arrive, but it was assumed it would come gradually, and that Lancashire would have time to adjust itself to the challenge.

But it came suddenly and catastrophically. The four years of the war obliterated world trade. It put our cotton industry out of action in the world market.

Lancashire was unaware of the terrific thing that was happening. It was busy making millions out of the necessities of the war, and it assumed, with its habitual cocksureness, that when the war was over it would recover all that had been lost in the interval.

Never was there a greater miscalculation. While we had been fighting, Japan, already a powerful competitor of Lancashire, had consolidated her hold on the Far Eastern market.

She had captured, not only the trade of Lancashire in China; but much of the trade in India. She went farther afield. With cheap labour and first-rate organisation, she penetrated Africa. It is she who to-day clothes the Sudanese and even the Hottentot, as well as the Hindu and the Chinese.

Challengers

Nor was it the competition of Japan alone that the war had stimulated. Bombay seized its opportunity, too, and much of the Indian unrest is fomented by the desire of the Bombay millowners to drive the competition of Lancashire out of India. Other countries—Italy, for example, and Russia—have become challengers in the world market.

What was the result? When the war was over Lancashire's customers did not come back. There was a momentary and infamous financial ramp in the trade based on the absurdly inflated profits made during the war. But the trade did not return.

The story of the financial wreckage in the cotton industry is the most dismal chapter of post-war history.

Great firms which had seemed built on rock have gone down like ninepins. Mills have been closed by the score and the hundred, and the machinery that occupied them has been scattered at old-iron prices and is now competing with Lancashire in Italy, in Russia, in India—all over the globe.

Unemployment has fallen on the county like a blight. Whole towns, wholly dependent on cotton, have had as much as 40, 50 and even 60 per cent. of the working population unemployed.

Self-murder

And how has Lancashire met this tremendous challenge to its existence? It has met it, not as if it was resolved to fight for its life, but as if its one purpose was to see how speedily it could commit suicide.

This is a hard thing to say, and I say it with hesitation. Some of the best years of my life were spent in Lancashire, in close contact with the cotton trade. I yield to no one in my respect for the sterling qualities of the Lancashire character.

But I am bound to say that, faced with a great crisis, it has acted and still acts as if everything was "still lovely in the garden," as though it was unaware of the terrific convulsion that had revolutionised the world.

Instead of recognising that it had to meet a new world with a new order of ideas, it has refused to face facts, buried its head in the sand, and spent a dozen priceless years in fighting over irrelevant issues and watching its magnificent heritage perish before its eyes.

It would be difficult to say whether employers or employed have cut the more lamentable figure in this grievous spectacle. The failure of the masters has been as flagrant as it is deplorable. They were confronted with the need of a complete reorganisation of the industry to deal with the problems of a new competitive world.

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With hooks and eyes, and you will soon regain your pristine skill.
Please do not look so sulky, love; I don't like being cursed.
Cheer up! The first two dozen buttons always are the worst!

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

Oranges are LEMONS!

£50,000 BUBBLE Bursts

Golden fruit! But, alas! the investors never saw crops like this

LETTERS are reaching me from readers in places as far apart as Glasgow and Stoke-on-Trent who are worried about money they have been induced to sink in a Transvaal orange-growing scheme sponsored by the South African Prudential, Ltd.

Some have invested as much as £625 in land which was to be planted with orange trees.

The plots were to be entirely managed by the company. Purchasers could sit back in their armchairs here, at home, with the assurance that five years from the date of purchase and planting each plot would yield an income of £500 a year.

The appointed period has long expired, and, if the golden promises had materialised, plot-holders would have already enjoyed an income of £2,500 from each plot.

But my readers have had nothing, and so are naturally anxious to know what has become of their money. They can get no satisfaction from any other source, so have appealed to me for guidance.

A helping hand

That they are puzzled as well as anxious is possibly due to the present activities of Stanley W. Hymans, of 43, Tavistock Square, London, and River Hall, Biddenden, Kent.

This man appears to have as his chief mission in life the helping of those who have not been very adept at helping themselves.

I find that though Stanley W. Hymans is not a plot-holder, he is very much concerned for those who are.

He has informed several of my readers that as a result of enquiries made on a recent trip to South Africa he is convinced that an action would lie against the directors of South African Prudential, Ltd.

He suggests that they should be sued for the capital sum plus interest, and he has a firm of South African solicitors ready and willing to institute proceedings for 10 per cent. of the sum involved.

Stanley W. Hymans himself is more modest in his demands, as he is willing to work for 5 per cent. of the amount recovered.

This is generosity indeed, as if the action is not successful he will get nothing. But the shareholders would lose a further 10 per cent., the fee of the solicitors introduced by Hymans.

It is a little difficult to understand why Hymans should go to all this trouble, especially as I find that there is already an association endeavouring to protect many of the shareholders' interests.

My enquiries reveal a sorry story in connection with this whole venture.

At the time the scheme was first canvassed in this country it was pointed out in the columns of JOHN BULL that it sounded too good to be true.

Because of certain doubts British investors were advised to leave it severely alone.

These doubts have been more than justified, and those who invested are to-day the poorer by thousands of pounds.

When the company first started operations a rough survey of the land was made. From this a plan, showing the numbered plots, was prepared and the sales campaign was launched before the bush was properly cleared.

Muddle and waste

As the plots were sold frantic endeavours were made to plant them regardless of their suitability, and much money and time were wasted.

Such a policy, however, was necessarily short-lived, and when finally a proper survey was carried out it was found that the original plan had to be considerably altered, with the result that some purchasers found themselves in the possession of plots of out-crop rock and others of blocks that could not be properly irrigated.

In these circumstances the purchase had to be transferred to more suitable plots, the original trees had to be uprooted, and planting had to be begun afresh on the new plot.

While the money was rolling in from new purchasers these wasteful and inefficient methods went undiscovered, but they eventually brought trouble, and South African Prudential, Ltd., went into liquidation.

A statement of accounts shows that as far back as September, 1927, "the financial position of the company was very sorely strained."

European and native wages were considerably in arrears, creditors were pressing, and claims for damages and refunds of the purchase price were pending by plotholders.

I am able to reveal also that though the selling of these plots commenced so long ago no plot-holder had even secured title to his orchard at the time when he was supposed to be reaping handsome profits.

Eventually, however, after some legal delay, the township was declared open and the company was free to give title.

In the meantime, an attempt had been made to finance the company by a system of mortgages. When the liquidation actually came about a company called the Union Financial and General Agency (Proprietary), Ltd., held first and third mortgages for a considerable sum, while an independent financial agent held second mortgage for a sum also running into thousands of pounds.

More demands

After the liquidation yet another concern — the Crocodile Valley Citrus Estates (Proprietary), Ltd.—was formed to take over with an authorised capital of 120,000 £1 shares, a big slice of which went to the Union Financial and General Agency for its outstanding claims.

By this time plot-holders began to receive further heavy demands from the Crocodile Valley Citrus Estates, being the balances due for "maintenance charges" after deducting the proceeds from the 1930 and 1931 crops.

These proceeds, which, according to original promises, were to have secured each plot-holder a £500 a year income, actually averaged in many cases a mere £13 a year, and this, of course, was swallowed up in the maintenance charges.

The unfortunate plot-holders are thus faced after all these years with an annual toll for maintenance of plots in which they have already sunk hundreds of pounds and from which my readers have never received a single penny!

Plot-holders are further informed that if their land is allowed to lie idle and thus become a harbouring place for pests—a very probable contingency in a warm country like South Africa—their plots will be compulsorily cleared and the charges debited to them.

In its first fine careless rapture the South African Prudential, Ltd., in addition to selling plots that were not properly surveyed, also sold a part of the mineral rights on and under the plots.

Sir Herbert Stanley, G.C.M.G., H.M. High Commissioner for South Africa, who will sympathise with British investors in this sorry scheme

But they did not, in fact, own such mineral rights!

This selling of something it did not possess got the company into hot water locally, but, for the most part, English investors knew nothing about it.

Some idea of the general lines on which this whole South African Prudential scheme was operated is given by the experience of one Scottish plot-holder.

Although he was told that his plot would be planted immediately, he received information seven years later from the company that his trees were then two years old and that the probable value was £300.

This, be it remembered, was when, according to the original promises, he should have been drawing £500 a year for two years!

Then, to add insult to injury, he was later presented with a bill for £129 15s. 6d., which included £70 for "past maintenance."

This investor is one of those Stanley H. Hymans is anxious to help, and his share of the solicitors' fees would be £65.

Very wisely, I think, he has decided that he has already paid more than enough for his interest in this sorry orange-growing venture.

Many representations have been made to the South African Government regarding this scheme, but it has turned a deaf ear to all pleadings.

Protection needed

Finally, as a gesture of despair, some of the plot-holders have banded themselves together, and a petition setting out the whole case has been drawn up. It has been presented to the South African Government, but nothing has been done.

Similarly, the plot-holders have sent men to South Africa, and various Government officials, and even Ministers, have been interviewed, but still the Government cannot be stirred into action.

All that the South African officials in London can say is that they always discourage investors from putting money into South African land and farm ventures unless they can get first-hand information about them.

This, however, is poor consolation, and it is high time that the South African Government did something to protect these unfortunate plot-holders and bring to book those responsible for this South African Prudential *débâcle*

Smiles All the Way

"All-in wrestling is becoming very popular. It is really the only satisfactory means of taming an obstinate deck chair on the beach."

This is a "passing shot" from the *Passing Show Summer Annual*. From the first page to the last it is a case of "Smiles All the Way."

Get your copy before they are all gone. A riot of laughter for sixpence.

GIRL'S Hospital Death

A CURIOUS CASE

VIOLET BOOSEY, aged twelve, from the village of Vange, in Essex, died the other day in Billericay Hospital.

Her death was attributed at the coroner's inquest to tubercular meningitis.

This opinion caused astonishment to everyone who knew the girl.

When JOHN BULL was asked to investigate the case, evidence was obtained which not only justifies the amazement of the child's relatives, but which makes it imperative that the Ministry of Health itself shall furnish explanations of some very disturbing circumstances.

Whilst playing "touch" one day, Violet fell against a door. A lump, described as about the size of a pigeon's egg, immediately appeared on her head.

Because of pain and dizziness, she was unable to attend school, and when bleeding from the ear began the family doctor sent her to Billericay Hospital as suffering from the effects of concussion.

Violet made such splendid progress in the institution that in less than four weeks she was out of bed and looking her usual cheery, healthy self.

Tragic relapse

So great was the improvement and so encouraging the reports given at the hospital that the girl's mother and grandmother went to the institution one afternoon in the expectation of making arrangements for her return home in the next few days.

A sad disappointment awaited them. They were, indeed, horrified at what they saw.

Violet, whom, a few days before, they had seen so much better, was back in bed, lying inert and seemingly almost lifeless.

Her eyes were swollen, protruding and bloodshot, and she was scarcely able to move a muscle of her face.

Before a word was spoken, the grandmother, a woman with much experience of sickness and nursing, exclaimed that the child appeared to have been stricken by sunstroke.

The girl had great difficulty in speaking. She had to struggle to tell word by word what had happened.

On the previous day, she gasped out, she had been wheeled in her bed outside the ward to a veranda.

There was no roof, wall or blind to the veranda, and she had to lie for a long time in the blazing sun.

She fell asleep.

"They forgot about me," the child whispered.

She wakened in terrible pain, with a violent headache and her neck stiff and very sore.

She had cried, she said, and nurses came out and rushed her back into the ward.

That was Violet's simple story. Could she have invented it? We think not.

In agony

The girl could not bear to be touched. She screamed in agony when her mother lifted the shoulder of her nightdress to examine the part where she felt most pain.

From the back of her neck across and far down the shoulder the mother found her daughter's skin scorched and inflamed. The vivid red markings corresponded exactly with the design of the nightdress and were consistent with the child having lain on her side with her face in the pillow to protect herself from a broiling sun.

Next the mother questioned a nurse, who admitted that Violet had been left in the sun and had been very sick since.

Mrs. Boosey, believing there had been negligence, and distressed by the condition of her daughter, demanded an interview with the hospital superintendent.

Unfortunately, he was away.

Two days later both Violet's parents went to the institution—to find their child still worse.

Determined to see someone in authority, the father made the nine miles journey again next night to the hospital.

This time he was received by a doctor, who told him his alarm was needless and advised him to return home and assure his wife that there was nothing whatever in the girl's condition to cause worry.

Nothing was said regarding the cause of Violet's illness. For a month, in fact, the relatives had been given no cause to suspect that she was or could be suffering from anything else than the effects of concussion, now made worse by sunstroke.

The father left the hospital happy in the doctor's assurances that all was well.

Next morning the parents were summoned to the hospital by telegram.

They found their daughter practically unconscious and unable to recognise them.

The child died forty-eight hours later without speaking a word in the interval.

These little sufferers are lying on a properly sheltered hospital veranda. Poor Violet Boosey had no such protection

Father's shock

Before she passed away, the father once more sought out the doctor to protest that his girl should have been brought to such a condition by exposure to the sun.

He was staggered when the doctor stated that Violet was suffering—not from concussion, not from sunstroke—*from tuberculosis in a lung.*

At the subsequent inquest the doctor declared definitely that the cause of death was tubercular meningitis.

Asked if it was right that the child should have been put out upon an unshaded veranda, the doctor replied that the sun would not have caused the pain at the back of her neck. It was the tubercular condition working upwards, he said.

A public explanation must be given why a child suffering from concussion and stated to be afflicted with meningitis was left to bake in the sun.

And, as it is said she was known to be so afflicted, an explanation is needed also why those who were nearest and dearest to her were informed two days before her death that they had no cause for anxiety.

Again, it must be explained why, after the child had been almost five weeks in the hospital, not a word was said to the parents about tuberculosis until death was inevitable and imminent.

Explanation wanted

But, above all, one fact requires explanation.

It is that only a few weeks before she was admitted to the hospital Violet had been examined at a medical clinic and no report of tuberculosis was made

Also, for the past seven years, she had been medically examined at her school every three or four months

School doctors search specially for tuberculosis, and if they even suspect it a report is made at once to the parents.

No such reports were made regarding this child. Instead, on every occasion her parents were led to understand that she was in perfect health.

Not until she was about to die—the father and mother believed from sunstroke—had the parents ever heard a suggestion of tuberculosis.

There is one memorial to Violet Boosey. Blinds have now been fitted to the veranda from which she was taken in, scorched and in agony, never to rise again.

Woman Crook's Housing Frauds

REALLY audacious frauds are being perpetrated by a cultured woman of middle-age named Mrs. R. Barnes, who claims to have many influential friends in society circles and who is armed with a number of forged references.

Some idea of her resource is afforded by the story of a recent escapade at Worthing, where she leased a well-furnished house for a short period, giving her home address as being in London.

In view of the references she furnished, she was looked upon as an ideal tenant, and once she had entered into possession of the house no more was thought of her.

But within a few days she had disappeared, and all sorts of complications then began to arise.

In the first place, it was found that the premises had been ransacked and that everything of value had been purloined, and, of course, enquiry then showed that the splendid references were all forged, while the London address was false.

But, in addition to living rent-free for several days and helping herself to the owner's valuables, Mrs. Barnes had staged a most ingenious fraud during her brief stay.

Advertising the premises as being still to let, she had interviewed applicants as the real owner's representative and had conducted them round with great courtesy.

Then, having found a likely tenant in a well-to-do woman applicant, Mrs. Barnes calmly demanded a substantial cash deposit in advance "on behalf of the owner."

She not only convinced her victim that she was empowered to do this, but actually insisted upon a cheque being made out on the spot.

* * *

There had been a lot of applications for the house, she added, so unless a deposit were paid, she would have no alternative but to close with the first cash offer received.

She got the money and promptly decamped!

It now transpires that she has repeated coups of this sort in more than one town, and estate-agents in the more popular seaside resorts would do well to be on their guard against her.

Barnes, too, is only one of several names she uses, for some of her recent dupes know her as Mrs. Deane or Mrs. Allison.

For a woman of fifty-five she is surprisingly sprightly, and some astute agents have been staggered to learn how they have been deceived.

Buried Treasure!

H. V. Morton, the great descriptive writer, has "rediscovered" Britain. He is pointing out to film producers that they are neglecting scenic stories which surpass in beauty and interest anything ever seen on the screen.

"Every step we take leads us to some corner alive with Romance and Beauty," he says. He brings these scenic treasures to light in the *Picturegoer Summer Annual*, a magnificent 100-page production that is wonderful value for sixpence.

STUDY AT HOME

YOU CAN HAVE A COLLEGE TRAINING IN ALMOST ANY CAREER FOR A FEW SHILLINGS MONTHLY.

IN YOUR SPARE TIME

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

Unless you are in touch with all branches of industry, you cannot see the possibilities of employment, but with our gigantic organisation we are in touch with every sphere of activity and we know that in many trades and professions there are more vacancies than there are trained men to fill them.

WE DO NOT PROFESS TO ACT AS AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, BUT WE CERTAINLY ARE IN A POSITION TO GIVE FATHERLY ADVICE ON ALL CAREERS AND THE POSSIBILITY OF EMPLOYMENT THEREIN.

WE teach by post all branches of the following vocations and specialise in all examinations connected therewith. Our advice is always Free.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD

Accountancy Exam Institute
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Book-keeping, Accountancy & Modern Business Methods
B.Sc. (Eng.)
B.Sc. (Estate Management)
Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
Chemistry
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
All Commercial subjects
Commercial Art
Concrete and Structural Engineering
Draughtsmanship, All branches
Engineering, All branches, subjects and examinations
General Education
Heating and Ventilating
Insurance
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining, all subjects
Mining, Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Reception
Road-Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship
Sanitation
Secretarial
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Steam and Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and Telegraphy
Transport
Weights and Measures "Insp."
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Managers

IF YOU DO NOT SEE YOUR OWN REQUIREMENTS ABOVE WRITE TO US ON ANY SUBJECT.

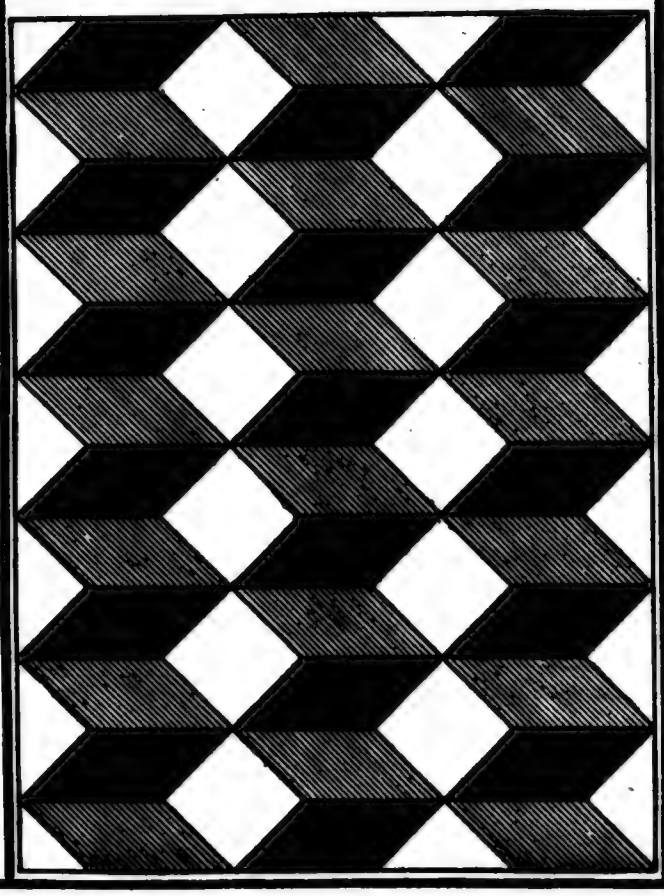
DO NOT DELAY—
There may be chances for you to-day for which you may be too late to-morrow. Every day counts in a man's career.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENQUIRE.
WE TEACH BY POST IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

THIS WILL ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION

BUT

THAT WILL APPEAL TO YOUR INTELLIGENCE



CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION?

Jim Duck

IF SO YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR

Just try it for yourself. Trace or draw the outline and then put in the features.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Pottery, Book Illustrations, &c.

60% of Commercial Art work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw **what is wanted,** but how to make buyers **want what you draw.** Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists: there is no limit to the possibilities.

Let us send full particulars for a **FREE TRIAL** and details of our course for your inspection.

YOU WILL BE UNDER NO OBLIGATION WHATEVER.

Also ask for our New Book (free of charge),
THE HUMAN MACHINE,
Secrets of Success.

YOUNG MEN physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for Entrance and Promotion: 1s. per week brings success. Full particulars free, or advice about other careers. Commercial, Technical, or Civil Service, free. Apply to the address below.

Note Address carefully: **THE BENNETT COLLEGE, Ltd., Dept. 31, SHEFFIELD**

ECZEMA IN LITTLE BLISTERS ON HANDS

Very Painful and Itched. Healed by Cuticura.

"I contracted ecsema on my hands early in 1928. It started with little, watery blisters between my fingers and spread to my arms and other parts of my body. When the blisters broke and scaled over they were very painful and itched to no end. At night the irritation was almost unbearable and very often kept me from sleeping.

"After suffering for over two years and having spent a little fortune on other remedies, without avail, I was advised to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in about three months I was healed." (Signed) R. T. McGillivray, 33, North St., Bo'ness, W. Lothian, Scot., May 30, '31.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

£700 Cash Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 176.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent:—

K. Morris, 18, May Street, Cathays, Cardiff.
L. Rice, Lower Farm House, Rowodean, Petersfield, Hants.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 6th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 23 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £4 7s. 0d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" Offices, and all have been notified. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope.

CROSSWORD No. 173.—It has already been announced that 13 competitors would share the £300 prize in this contest. In accordance with Rule No. 3, the name of Mr. C. J. Price, 5, Mount Pleasant, Ashtead, Surrey, has now been added, and each of the 13 winners has received £23 0s. 9d.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 174.—The extra £100 Bonus offered in this contest has been divided between 18 entrants, and payments of £5 11s. 9d. each are being despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-Word, with a Big Increase in Prize-Money, appears on Page 22. Try Your Skill Now.

DELIVERED FOR 8/6

FINEST CYCLE VALUE IN ENGLAND

DELIVERED FOR 6/-

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
DUNLOP HAMMOCK SADDLE
RENOLD CHAIN
STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED
GILBRATH CHAIN CASE
VALANCED MUDGUARD

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
LYCETT'S SADDLE
RENOLD CHAIN
CHROMIUM PLATED

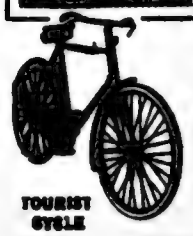
All Cycles are equipped with Pump, Toolbag, Tools, Oilcan & Reflector.

Frames, 22, 24, 26 ins.

CYCLE DEPT., FIRST FLOOR.

CASH PRICE £5-10-0 or delivered for 8/6 and 14 further monthly payments of 8/6.

CASH PRICE £3-17-6 or delivered for 6/- and 14 further monthly payments of 6/-.



TOURIST CYCLE

ROADSTER CYCLE

SELFRIDGE'S

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1.

To Sufferers from INDIGESTION

The following facts about Dr. Jenner's absorbent Lozenges should strongly appeal to sufferers from Indigestion who have failed so far to find an effective remedy.

They are made by Savory & Moore from a formula of Dr. Edward Jenner, one of the most eminent physicians of his day.

They act by counteracting ACIDITY, which is the main cause of most digestive troubles.

They give relief, even in chronic cases of indigestion, when other remedies have been tried without avail.

They are particularly useful in relieving HEARTBURN and FLATULENCE at night which are so frequently the cause of SLEEPLESSNESS.

It is generally found that after a short course of them digestion is so much improved that ordinary meals can be taken without the least discomfort.

They are quite harmless, containing nothing in the nature of a drug, and can be used with confidence by young and old alike.

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of the Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention "John Bull," and address Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

WRONG MAN Gets the SENTENCE

BEHIND the recent conviction of a clerk named Frederick George Avery at Bow Street Police Court for obtaining money by fraud lies an astounding story of a well-organised scheme for imposing upon the public.

We propose to reveal that story because investigations we have made convince us that Avery, who has been sentenced to three months in the second division, is no more than a pawn in the game, the real offender being still at large.

The man who should undoubtedly have stood in the dock is a Mr. Albert Francis, who till recently was the principal of a new wholesale and retail fashion house in the Strand, London, known as "Francis Gowns."

Although he launched this business only early this year, he has succeeded, in the space of a few months, in defrauding numerous victims in London and the provinces. It is scandalous, therefore, that he should have escaped and that an underling should have been left to face the music.

The scheme originally outlined by Francis was ambitious to a degree, and for some considerable time he maintained a colossal bluff.

Starting with one small office in the Strand, he gained possession by paying rent in advance, so it was not thought necessary to ask him to furnish references.

He said that he had just come from Canada, where he had been very successful in developing exclusive fashion houses.

Big campaign

His outward air of prosperity seemed to confirm his stories of success, and he created a further good impression by pretending that his London business was developing so rapidly that he would require greater accommodation.

Soon his offices were distributed over three floors of the Strand building, and everything appeared to be flourishing. Francis proudly confided that he was establishing branches in Epsom, Sydenham and Kingston, at the same time visualising the day when he would have a chain of flourishing fashion houses throughout London.

He now began an intensive advertising campaign, pretending that excellent openings were available for smart men and women as managers, workroom overseers, gown hands and shop assistants.

The people who answered these advertisements are among the most pathetic of his victims to-day, for almost without exception they have been induced to part with substantial sums of money in order to secure posts with the supposedly flourishing business of "Francis Gowns."

Everything was conducted on a lavish scale. The firm's notepaper was tastefully decorative and described "Francis Gowns" as "wholesale manufacturers of ladies' model gowns and coats."

Kept busy

A North London man was offered a post as area manager on condition that he deposited £75 as security against stock he would be called upon to handle.

As soon as he had parted with his money he was sent out daily to scour certain London districts, with instructions to keep his eyes open for suitable branch premises.

He was expected to make detailed reports regarding the class of client likely to be encountered and to give an opinion regarding trade prospects in each locality.

In this way he was kept very busy, but, as he later discovered, he was also kept from meeting other investor-employees who had been engaged on similar terms.

One of these other investors paid £200 for the appointment of shops' manager. He was given to understand that there had been a lot of applications for this post, which was one offering great opportunities to the right man.

He was "guaranteed" a salary of £4 a week, with a promise of commission on sales in all the shops under his managership.

The £200 deposit was asked for because he would have to handle a lot of cash as well as expensive gowns of exclusive design.

An agreement was duly drawn up and signed, and the new shops' manager was first sent to supervise premises which were just being prepared in West Hampstead.

This shop was, in fact, opened eventually, and a manageress—who had been induced to invest over £100—was installed.

As the weeks passed this merry game of engaging employee-investors went on, and with wonderful ingenuity Francis and his cat's-paw Avery kept all the dupes apart.

And although no real business was being done, all the executive staff were kept busy on some task or other and led to believe that the firm was flourishing.

Meanwhile, further dupes were being roped in in quite another way. Various parents were being urged to apprentice their sons and daughters to this supposedly growing business, and hands were thus engaged for the Strand workrooms at £25 a time!

This great bluff, masterly though it was, could not possibly last. Area managers who were tramping their feet off daily on wild-goose errands in the suburbs began to grow restive.

Then writs began to arrive at the Strand headquarters, and Mr. Albert Francis began to grow less regular in his attendance.

This coincided with a falling off in the regularity of wage payments, and the next blow which fell was that the landlords for the West Hampstead shop distrained for arrears of rent.

There came a day when a crowd of anxious men, women and girls encountered each other for the first time on the stairs of the Strand premises and learnt with dismay that they were all investors in a business which had seemingly come to a sudden standstill!

When they came to compare notes they soon found that their joint deposits ran into a considerable sum; that they were mostly owed further money for arrears of wages, and that the glowing stories they had been told were all false!

They at once went to Scotland Yard, but by this time Albert Francis had fled. Avery, who was undoubtedly a ready tool in his hands, was caught, and, as we have stated, has been punished for his part in this huge fraud.

Many victims

But all efforts to trace the real rogue Francis have so far failed, and the situation is daily becoming more serious as fresh claims against his bogus fashion house are revealed.

It now transpires that, quite apart from his cruel victimisation of unemployed men and women and the parents of young apprentices, he has defrauded a small army of creditors.

Rates, taxes, gas, electricity and telephone accounts have all been left unpaid, and firms in all parts are complaining that large sums are owing.

One is an Oxford Street concern whose confidence was gained by the fact that Francis paid his first accounts promptly. Then he suddenly extended his orders until, at the time of his flight, he owed £75.

A firm of electrical engineers in South London is similarly involved, and other trade creditors are to be found in all parts, some as far afield as Manchester.

It is clear that the whole scheme was most cleverly conceived by Francis, who must be found at all costs and called to account for his cruel frauds.

Francis gained possession of offices in this important Strand building by paying rent in advance. When he fled, creditors besieged the doors

New Postal Trap

ALMOST impudent fee-snatching campaign is being organised on a huge scale by the Astor Trading Company, of Edgware Road, London, W.

This high-sounding firm professes to be anxious to engage spare-time workers for envelope addressing, and offers remuneration at the generous rate of 6s. per thousand envelopes.

* * *

In some cases it also requires circulars to be enclosed, and in this event it promises payment at 8s. per thousand.

All materials are furnished, of course, while postage and incidental expenses are to be borne by the company.

As an additional lure to would-be home-workers there is an offer of a booklet giving particulars of "special propositions."

Applicants are told that the benefit of the company's experience is at their disposal.

"Through making use of our knowledge and assistance," they are assured, "you may be wishful in a short time to start a business of your own." But first the company wants the "small sum" of 3s. 6d. as a fee for its services in supplying work and its subsequent assistance "at all times."

It does not explain why a London firm should thus go out of its way to engage clerks to address its envelopes in places so far distant as Plymouth, Bristol and Mansfield.

Nor does it say why it is seeking such workers by the thousand when it pretends to have only "a few vacancies."

The truth is that the whole scheme is a shameful ramp, designed to part unemployed men and women from savings they can ill spare.

* * *

The Astor Trading Company has no real status, but is simply a cloak for a man named A. R. Wheare—a former underling of the notorious "homework king," Spikesman, whose fee-snatching frauds were repeatedly exposed by us.

If Wheare is ambitious of becoming a homework king himself, we would remind him that his former chief is now doing twenty months' hard labour.

PUBLICITY Shark

SEASONABLE frauds are the speciality of a motoring crook of many names, who poses as the travelling representative of a London firm of publicity experts.

As "S. Crockford," he recently visited Folkestone and canvassed hotel proprietors and others for advertisements in a motoring guide.

In every case he succeeded in collecting the requisite fees in advance, furnishing printed receipts and promising that the transaction would be confirmed from the head office in a few days.

Numerous would-be advertisers have now discovered with dismay that the genial Crockford is an impostor.

The literature he displays so convincingly is either faked or has been wrongfully acquired.

Nor are his victims confined to advertisers. In more than one instance he has defrauded hotels at which he has stayed, and there will be quite a formidable list of charges against him when he is eventually caught.

Take a Walk with "John Bull"..

DOWN ECONOM

If we had walked down this street—its tradesmen would have denounced the Great False Economy Fright, just as their prototypes in "Economy Street" have done

IT isn't really called Economy Street.

It is a little shopping street in a lower middle-class suburb of London, typical of thousands spread throughout the towns and cities of the kingdom, and such a one as you know quite well.

We call it Economy Street because it is suffering badly to-day from the blight of misguided Economy—because its worried little tradesmen wait, hoping for the day when their customers will spend money as they did before the Great Fright.

It isn't that those customers haven't the money. They have—or at any rate the majority of them have. But they have been scared into hoarding it, and everybody else is worse off as a result.

It is in Economy Street that you get a vivid close-up of the evil effects of the curtailment of spending power all over the country. The shopkeeper suffers, and so do the factories and workers.

Let us walk down Economy Street and speak to each worried tradesman and see for ourselves.

DRAPER . .

Live and Let Live

LOOK at my shop for yourself. It's empty, said the draper. It's empty most of the day. The trade I do wouldn't keep me in food alone. What is the explanation?

You can't tell me that all the factories and offices of England are idle and that nobody is earning any money.

No, I'll tell you what it is. People have been so misled by the economy-at-any-price cry that they think they are being patriotic by not spending their money.

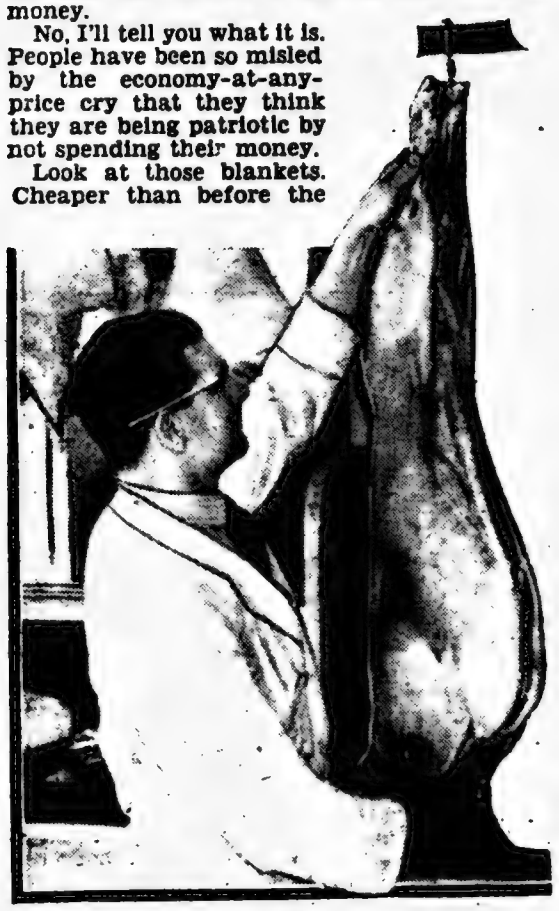
Look at those blankets. Cheaper than before the war. And those single bed sheets—cotton, and hem-stitched at that—at 5s. 11d. a pair, far cheaper than they have ever been before.

Yet people will wait until they see a cut-price label on them—in other words, till I sell at a loss—before they will buy.

And they call that Economy!

They forget that I have to go on spending just as much as ever on rates, rent, lighting, and so on. They forget that if they don't buy my goods there's no need for the factory workers to make them. And that means more "doles" for the unemployed, and more taxes on the people who won't buy.

"Live and let live," I say.



"Everything's O.K., really," with the most jovial of all Economy Street's traders

GROCER . .

They're Eating Less

THE truth is that people have been frightened by the Economy scaremongers in high places, grumbled the grocer.

They have been scared into believing that something might happen to reduce them all in a single night to poverty.

So they have started to reduce each other to poverty by refusing to buy anything except the barest necessities.

I know scores of families who are in just as good a position as they were three years ago, and yet they are consuming little more than half as much groceries as they did.

"People ate far too much in the old days," they tell their friends.

This is how they excuse themselves for not buying the things they used to. They've got the money, but won't spend it.

Groceries have never been cheaper since 1914 than they are now. Some are cheaper than they ever were.

By the time people see the folly of stinting themselves prices will have gone up again, I expect. And I will have gone bankrupt, I suppose.

Five years ago I could have sold this business for a fat four-figure sum. To-day I couldn't get one-tenth of that price for it.

* * *

WINE? We spell it whine nowadays, said the man at the "off-licence."

My customers don't buy half the wine and spirits they did a year ago. Even when they come in for beer and stout they seem to apologise for doing so by telling me all about their misfortunes. Yet I know that most of them are as well off as they ever were.

Stinting seems to have become a disease with them.

Once upon a time they would always have a bottle of whisky or beer on the table, even if they were a bit hard-pressed. Nowadays they have water there instead.

They boast to their guests that they are doing it to help the country through its time of emergency. If they only realised the truth, they would know that is just what they are not doing.

COBBLER . .

They Do the Mending

YOU mightn't think it, but business isn't at all good, said the snoe repairer.

It's all very well for those who sell new shoes to say they are suffering because people are getting their footwear mended so often. But that's not so.

Probably many more people are mending their own shoes. But what is really hitting my trade is that people who used to buy good shoes that they had soled and heeled several times, now buy ten-shilling shoes that aren't worth repairing at all.

Some of these cheap shoes have composition soles that outwear two lots of leather—and often they're still good when the uppers are finished with.

No, don't talk to me about economy!

* * *

BUSINESS was never better, beamed the jolly girl in the dry cleaner's. You see, everybody is economising and the whole country has got the dry-cleaning habit.

Suits and frocks come back to us twenty times before they're finished with.

But some of our customers are beginning to economise too much. They're overdoing it.

We run occasional half-price weeks, when we do all dry-cleaning at cut rates to bring in new customers who have never tried dry-cleaning before. And our old customers, unfortunately, are beginning to save their clothing until they can get it done at half-price.

The scare-mongers young

TAILOR . .

No Suit for Two Years

HOW'S business? Well, I can tell you that for the first time in my life I haven't been able to afford a holiday, lamented the tailor. And where the money's coming from for my wholesalers' bill I don't know.

When I charged ten guineas for a

ECONOMY STREET

—It'll be an EYE-OPENER

BUTCHER . .
I'm Not Grumbling

"CAN'T say there's a tremendous difference, said the butcher, the most jovial of all the tradesmen in Economy Street. People aren't spending so much, but I'm not grumbling.

In one way the slump has helped me. People now want the cheaper joints, whereas at one time they all wanted the best cuts, and I didn't know what to do with the rest.

Everything's O.K., really. People have got to eat meat—even if it isn't the best.

TOBACCONIST . .
Thanks to Women

IF women weren't smoking a lot, I don't know what we'd do, said the tobacconist, who did not share the butcher's optimism. There's hardly a living for a bachelor in this shop.

I used to sell big quantities of higher-grade cigarettes down here, but to-day the shilling-for-twenty brands are about the only sort that will sell. Those and the still cheaper kind, which are being bought by more and more of the old shilling-a-packet customers.

Some famous old brands have disappeared altogether because the people who used to prefer them refuse to pay more than a shilling.

If smoking brings contentment, here is a reason why we are no longer the happy nation we used to be. And the trouble is that much of this economy is unnecessary. It isn't that people can't spend. They just won't.

* * *

OH, yes, I can sell things all right. But what a strange way of selling, said the outfitter.

The average man waits for the sales to buy his summer things at the end of the summer and his winter wear at the end of the winter. True, it is somewhat cheaper out of season. But it is a ridiculous form of economy.

The loss of a whole season, too, between the time a thing is made and the time it is sold is a paralysing thing for everybody.

The truth is, we have gone economy mad. It's a germ, like typhoid. Different Governments, allowing themselves to be frightened by a few economy cranks, released a whole crowd of the bacteria, with the result that we all caught it.

HAIRDRESSER . .
And I'm so Cheap!

WOMEN make a hair-cut, trim or wave last twice as long nowadays, declared the hairdresser, who pointed out that the takings had fallen from £35 to £11 a week. And the tip is either halved or has disappeared altogether.

No, it isn't a matter of prices. They are much lower than they were. The permanent wave is down to a third its old price—and yet not a third as many women want it.

As for manicure, I've had to sack the girl who used to do it for me. When once economy-minded women learnt her tricks they became their own manicurists.

One of them told me the other day in a lordly way that she thought women who did little jobs for themselves and saved money were helping to keep the old flag flying.

I thought of that manicure girl, out of a job. Her father was blown to bits in France trying to keep the old flag flying.

* * *

NOT "Eat More Fruit" but "Save Every Penny on It" seems to be the motto to-day, said the fruiterer.

They call it Economy—although in the end it drives people to spend pounds on doctors instead.

People must buy vegetables, so they save on fruit. I don't sell half the oranges, apples and pears I did.

They are even economising on vegetables, surely the cheapest and most necessary of all things.

The peas I am selling at twopence a pound this year are far better than those which were threepence last year.

Yet half the people who regarded them as necessities last year speak of them as luxuries this.

All my vegetables are cheaper, and yet in every case the sale has gone down.

It used to be illegal to hoard food. It's about time they made it illegal to hoard money. For that's what must be happening.

After all, one knows that this customer is the wife of a teacher, and that one the wife of a policeman, and so on, and so we know that they are not really very much worse off than they were two or three years ago, when things were dearer.

And yet their miserliness in spending suggests that they have fallen from wealth to utter poverty.

MILLINER . .
Oh, My Hat!

YOU'D think that women would have new hats at any price. But they don't, said the milliner. Not to-day.

Two years ago my average customer would spend two guineas for smart, chic hats "for best." Now she often haggles about the price, though it is only a third of what it was.

She tells me "I must save money," but *why* she must puzzles me.

She used to bring in her husband with her, and he saw she got the best.

Now she doesn't. Yet I refuse to believe that she and my old customers have all lost their husbands suddenly, or that all their husbands have lost their jobs or suffered heavy wage cuts.

Some of these women boast about their savings out of sheer vanity. Many don't come in now and ask for a hat.

They just say: "I want a bargain." They used to be proud of the hat. Now they are proud of their "deal"—at my expense.

I could name twenty women who wouldn't wear anything costing less than 30s. at one time, and who walk about now under ridiculous knitted hats that they have made for themselves for less than a shilling.

* * *

THAT, then, is Economy Street.

But is the blight that has descended upon it, with its dire results, real economy?

After a walk down it, we think you'll agree that it is not. Neither, in the long run, for the customer who stints unnecessarily, nor for the shopkeeper who suffers from bad trade as a result, or for the factories and workshops behind the shops in "Economy Street."

He looks busy, but even he doesn't find business good

suit at the end of the war many of my clients would buy two and three at a time. Nowadays the same men, still doing the same jobs, can't afford to buy one from me at five guineas. Or so they say.

One such man owes me £17 odd—and every penny of that is for repair work done by me to make his old suits last to the bitter end. He hasn't bought a suit for two years, and tells me he hopes to go another two before doing so.

In the old days a man who wasn't too well paid tried to dress himself into a better job. Now even a man in a fairly good position regards five pounds for a new suit as extravagance.

I don't know much about politics. But I do know that nobody is buying much. And I know that if everybody started spending like mad for a month we'd do far better than if we let the country suffer, as we are doing, for want of trade.

don't scare this ustomer

Free Necklace

1932 DESIGN

in every

1/6 and 2/6 packet of Radox Bath Salts

200 different varieties

One of the 200 varieties (1932 design) here shown less than half actual size.

No coupons to collect; *really* free. The Continent has been scoured for all the latest and loveliest designs in bead necklaces. Many shops ask 1/6d. or 2/6d. for costume jewellery of this quality. To celebrate our 8th Anniversary, we are putting one of these fashionable necklaces into every 1/6d. and 2/6d. packet of Radox. (The 2/6d. quality necklace is found in the 2/6d. packet.) 200 charming varieties have been packed. You can therefore be certain that *your* necklace will be interestingly different from your friend's.

Now is the time to prove that fragrant Radox footbaths remove corns bodily—change tired, burning, aching feet into active, cool and comfortable ones.

Get a 1/6d. (ten ounce) or 2/6d. (double quantity) packet of Radox from your chemist to-day. Ask for the Birthday packet (green seal on top) with the charming free necklace enclosed.

FOR YEARS A ROMANCE IN YOUR HOME

—And You Didn't Know!

There is a product on the market to-day—already known to nearly all of us—which has a curious history attached to it—but which most of us *don't* know.

When it was first marketed its makers told the world what they had found—a product which had more than a hundred distinct uses. The world paid but scant attention. Who ever believed that any Jack-of-all-trades could be master of even *one*?

So the makers stopped telling the world about those hundred uses, and concentrated on *one* use only. Then the world listened—and bought—and tried it for this *one* purpose. It made good! The world continued, and for years has continued to buy and to use it—for this *one* purpose—without realising that it had any other.

Now, however, a little book has been written about the product. And it is no exaggeration to say that it is one of the most extraordinary documents ever put into the hands of the public. It tells you, in fact, how something which you buy for *one* particular purpose can be used for one hundred and fifty three other purposes! It tells you how a product which is the only scientific cleanser of false teeth will instantly remove stains from white linen. It tells you how this same product, which keeps salads crisp and fresh—will instantly allay the irritation of insect bites and stings.

The product, of course, is Milton, and the book (which is given to you free) will be found wrapped round every new bottle. If you read it you are sure to try it for one or more of the purposes described. You will find it more than an enthralling scientific experiment—you will discover a friend who never fails you in countless household emergencies. Milton costs sixpence.

The Show Behind the Show . .

I DIE —for Fourteen Days!

I LOOK back upon a life of adventure and romance. Thirty years a showman. That's me!

Thirty years of days and nights in hot show-cases as a fasting man. Or lying on beds in full view of the public in fake trances. Or challenging Joe Beckett and "Digger" Stanley from the outer fringe of a boxing-booth crowd, to earn a living.

Thirty years of joy and pathos—and sometimes humbug—and what many people might call trickery. But they don't regard it as that in the show game. Plausibility if you like, but not trickery.

And now JOHN BULL has invited its readers to recount strange things that have befallen them.

Well, I take up my pen gladly, knowing that many strange things have happened to me in that queer world of exhibitions and roundabouts, where experiences crowd on a man thicker than the hours.

My story must be of my five lives. As "Succi," the king of fasting men after "Sacco" died. As "Tanner," the *British* fasting man. As "Ilford," the trance subject. As "Ilford Tanner," who dabbled in so many exhibition and fairground illusions and other enterprises. For I have been all those.

And even that list leaves out my earliest part as the "Little Willie" in one of the first "East Lynne" touring companies. . . . But perhaps I had better begin at the beginning.

I WAS pretty well born on the stage. My mother, who was touring in "Man to Man," had to stay behind at Barrow-in-Furness with her new baby.

They planned a stage career for me. Hence that "Little Willie" appearance. But an accident to my hands, just after I had appeared at the Winter Garden Theatre as the boy acrobat in a sporting play, put finish to that.

They made me a millionaire at once by giving me a pension of 5s. a week for life. But the day came when I had to commute it to a lump sum to help my parents, and I strolled down Fleet Street one day just before the Boer War for a job.

During that week I saw a rather shrewd young man in a loud suit leave an exhibition hall with a watch in his hand. And turning, like Whittington, down Fleet Street again, I saw the same young man leaving the same hall with another watch.

I decided then to keep my eye on this singularly lucky individual, and saw that he was spending most of his time leaving that hall with watches. So I went inside.

It was easy to see where the watches were coming from. Half a dozen young men with plenty of their masters' time to throw away were swinging a ball at a skittle with the object of winning one, and failing every time. The ball was on a cord, and the skittle had to be hit on the rebound from a board. It seemed impossible.

BUT was it? Almost as the thought came to my mind the lucky young man I had followed inside had seized the ball, swung it dexterously and won another watch.

I caught him on the way to the door. "Excuse me, old friend," I said pleasantly, "but are you employed here?"

"Why?"

"Because you seem to win whenever you like. And if it is a paid job, and you'd like somebody else to help—well, I'm anxious to do anything that comes my way. And"—I added with a burst of brilliance—"I'm a lad who can keep his mouth shut."

That seemed to make a difference to him, for he took me to the manager, who, asking me to have a try, was so pleased with my effort that he took me on at once at half-a-crown a day.

I soon learned there was a trick in it—that the small piece of leather on which the skittle was placed could be turned on a pin stuck through the table, so that it was never in the same position for members of the public as it was for ourselves.

Anyhow there was money in the game and I decided to work it on my own. And as my luck was good, I earned enough capital to move on to visit showgrounds, bazaars and exhibition halls.

In 1900 came the great day when I could afford to take my little skittle trick to the Great Exhibition of Piccadilly.

The most important thing about that show, as far as I was concerned, was not its looks, which I will describe later, but the fact that it was to teach me that there was often trickery behind the whole show business. It was an initiation for the day when I was to see so-called fasting men—famous ones at that—eating six-course meals as soon as the public turned its back.

For instance, it was at the Piccadilly Exhibition that I met "Nudda, the Two-headed Anatomical Giant, the Wonder of the Whole World."

I know for a fact that the British Museum sent a man down to see whether it could buy "Nudda," or at least borrow him, but apparently Mr. Mumford, the very charming American owner of the giant, who found no difficulty in raking in a shilling from everybody who saw him, had other views.

Mr. Alfred Hill, who was Succi, the fasting man, and Ilford, the trance subject

NOW, "Nudda" was a mummy 11 ft. 2 in. long. And he really did have two mummified heads. And as he was laid out for inspection, there was no sign of a division in him anywhere to suggest that he was taken away in sections.

But my youthful curiosity soon satisfied me that "Nudda" was being taken home every night in a case no longer than a suit-case!

Then there was the woman described as "Born Electrical At Birth: Has Been Accumulating Electricity Ever Since: The Marvel of the Universe."

I soon found that she had metal heels and was treading on an electrified wool-and-metal carpet, which explained why every man who shook hands with her was twisted up in pain, and why women who tried to take a little jewel out of a glass she offered found it painfully impossible.

How difficult it would be to bluff the public with electricity in these days when nearly every home owns a wireless set!

There was the "Human Spider." Yes, people really believed in those days that a girl's head without a body attached was actually living on a spider's web.

And the "Mysterious Duchess." Who, seeing that upper half of a woman swinging on an ordinary garden swing, would dare suggest trickery, especially when they were invited to give the swing a push and heard the half-of-a-woman laugh her thanks when they did so?

I soon learned that these two unhappy bits of ladies went home very complete every night, and that any man can reduce his own wife to these painful straits with the aid of a mirror and a lot of black velvet.

I said I would describe the exhibition. Our show was indeed one of the most wonderful things gay Piccadilly had seen until then.

ONE marvel of marvels was our real illuminated sign. Think of it, you people who go miles to see the dazzling, twinkling Piccadilly of to-day—our big canvas notice lit from the back with fish-tail burners was the wonder of the town.

And think, you people who go from wireless set to pictures, and from pictures to stage spectacles, who can see the most wonderful things in the world brought to a screen and hear the greatest singers at your fireside. Our most Stupendous Spectacle, as we called it, was our monster canvas of "The Slave Market of Stamboul."

Peers and "knuts" and ladies of fashion, schoolboys on holiday in high top hats, clergymen, doctors, the highest and lowest, the richest and poorest, came to gulp over that monster canvas.

I have seen women of the streets resort to tears over this picture of pretty slaves being sold by fierce-looking, bearded monsters—with more pretty slaves waiting in the background to be knocked down by the auctioneer to the highest bidder.

Poor "Slave Market of Stamboul." Where are you to-day? And what would even the most eager schoolboy think of you now, in these days when we can go to the pictures and see real moving murders, hear real screams, and see real mysterious clutching hands come out of the darkness?

The day came, after the Boer War had ended, that our great show had to close. And so I found myself, one day, part of a show on the Edgware Road, London.

It happened that a rival show opened up on the opposite side of the road, at which "Sacco," the great fasting man, carried out a fast with such glorious success that we began to think we might have to close down.

The fast over, the great Dr. Vallis, grim and mysterious looking, dismayed

"John Bull" Readers' Stories (No. 2)

"Head after head rolled off in our own little revolution against the famous"

us further by putting a woman in a trance for fourteen days.

Just when we were depressed about it, an olive-branch was thrown over the road to us. Would we like to send over a friendly challenge? Would we like to send over a man to follow the woman as a trance subject? In short, would I volunteer?

So it came about that I entered into an agreement to go into a fake trance that was to last night and day for fourteen days. Dr. Vallis gave me a quick trial, decided that he liked the way I shuddered, groaned, rolled my eyes, and gradually broke all contact with the world, and engaged me at once.

• • •

Two beds had been fitted up on a platform, in one of which I had to lie in a supposed trance and in the other Dr. Vallis had to sleep at night.

It was made known to me that if any patrons entered at night—the building was open to inspection night and day—I was to be awakened by the cry of the doorman "Step this way, ladies and gentlemen, please," and adopt the pose of a man in a trance.

THE moment came for the trance to begin, when Dr. Vallis put me before the audience, made mysterious passes with his hands, forced his black eyes till they looked as if they would be squeezed out of his head, and finally stroked all the thinnest parts of my skull.

I remember that I wanted to laugh. But I thought of his rigid instructions as to when I was to groan and when to shudder, and how I was to fade out gradually—and added a little trick of my own.

I shook myself every now and then like a dog that has been bathed, as if I was fighting to break his ever-strengthening spell. And I could see delight coming into his burning eyes as he recognised this master-stroke of mine.

I looked at the audience once. Their mouths were as wide open as if they were all singing the note *Do*. They were literally hypnotised themselves by this hypnotic pretence.

A hundred times during those nights that followed, the doorman woke me out of my dreams with his cry of "Step this way," until I began to long for real unbroken sleep. I wanted to slay the friendly policeman who came in every night to eat his supper and stayed an hour, compelling me to adopt a trance attitude when I might have been asleep.

All through the days Dr. Vallis lectured on me and stuck needles in me. How I grew to hate that sentence, never varied by a letter, "We shall now prove that the trance is genuine by passing a needle through the subject's wrist."

Certainly Vallis squeezed my wrist so tight as to numb it. And certainly the needle did not go right through the wrist, but just through part of the flesh. The worst part was the anticipation while he sterilised the needles.

Although my body is to-day a mass of cuts, burns and abrasions sustained in tests that have been made of me as a trance subject, never have I felt them as I did during this first fake trance of mine.

While Vallis was demonstrating, a few days later, a man came forward to ask whether he could make a test of his own. He spoke in a voice so deep and professional that my heart sank through the bed. I guessed that he was a doctor, and I was right. We learned later that he was from the Middlesex Hospital.

First he took my pulse and said: "Hm.'

Then he tested my heart and said "Hm" again.

Then he punched me quickly, grabbed my pulse in a second and said: "Ah, ha!"

Next he opened my eyes forcibly. And then, biggest blow of all, he carefully removed a match box from his pocket, took out a blue-bottle, tore out its wings and placed it in my open eye.

Every time it tried to crawl from the surface of my eye-ball he pushed it back again, until the lightest tread of the thing felt like a hammer blow. I suffered agonies the whole time, and was just on the point of giving in when he took it away again.

I could tell by Dr. Vallis' voice that he was a little frightened himself.

"I greatly admire your subject," said the doctor.

DR. VALLIS seized his opportunity like a good showman. He shook his hand delightedly, fighting his hardest to get an out-and-out admission that the show was genuine. "I greatly admire your subject" was all the doctor would say.

But at the hands of Dr. Vallis this was made to sound as a marvellous tribute—and the audience cheered its heads off.

One day there appeared to be a falling off in public interest, so they put a notice outside to say that the subject was sinking fast, followed by hourly bulletins to the effect that I was getting worse.

Even the newspapers fell for the bluff—for you must remember there was great public interest in fasts and trances in those "believe-anything" days.

At that the attendances improved, for it is true to say of audiences that they will go anywhere if they think they are going to see somebody suffer, and they were able to announce my marvellous recovery without damaging the show in any way.

The end of the fast was almost disastrous. "Sacco Oman," having quarrelled with the proprietor, came in and created a disturbance. Suddenly losing his head, he leapt on the platform and tried to drag my bed down a sheer four-feet drop into the main hall.

"Everybody out of the building," please," shouted the attendants. "Unless the room is cleared at once it will endanger the life of the subject."

The last two men to leave, turning quickly as they reached the door, saw something that they must still remember.

They saw "Sacco Oman"—the great "Sacco," for he was by far the greater of the two—take another leap on the platform. And they saw the trance subject—me—rise slowly in the bed, take hold of the washing jug, and bring it down in a crash on his infuriated head.

THE news of this disturbance did not leak out, for when Dr. Vallis brought me round at the end of a "successful trance" the public showered cigarettes, fruit, chocolates and other delicacies on me, eggs were sent me for nothing from farms in the country, and the messages I received included wires from places as far distant as a hundred miles.

My first trance had come very near to ending tragically.

But there was no "nearly" about my fast a few weeks later, the second of my career. That ended in Kilburn police station.

I had completed thirty-five days and nights of fast in High Street, Kilburn, of an exhibition that included waxworks. At the end I went out for a drink with the tattooed man.

Somehow the drink seemed stronger than the drinks I had known before. Probably my confinement in a fasting cabinet had really weakened me—despite the surreptitious meals of meat extract and milk they had given me.

Anyhow, swearing friendship for ever, we went back to the show. And feeling our anger had to be vented on someone, we thought in terms of policemen.

Then the idea came into our heads that we might behead the waxwork policeman—the man who stood in the door of the show to deceive old ladies into asking him the way—and our eyes lit on Nelson, complete with sword.

SNATCHING the sword from Britain's one-armed hero, we slashed off the constable's head at a stroke. And then, without feeling any personal feeling at all against dear old "Bobs," we sent Lord Roberts' head in the dust.

Head after head rolled off in our own little revolution against the great and famous, until finally, it appeared, the noise was heard outside, although our victims had not uttered a cry.

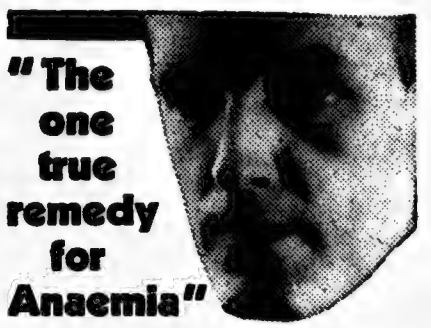
We saw the blue of real policemen at the door. Two minutes later we saw the inside of Kilburn police station.

It might have been serious if the proprietor had not thought of "the honour of the show," as he put it, and decided to let us off.

I had entered on an exciting life, I decided, as soon as I could think things out clearly. How exciting I was not to realise until a few weeks later.

(To be continued)

Next week our reader views the fair-ground life through the bruised eyes of a "bluer," the man who earns a living by challenging the champions of the boxing booths, and tells some racy stories of the show-ground life of Joe Beckett and "Digger" Stanley.



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The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., Watford.

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The Eldest Son's Problem

MARRY —or Help his PARENTS?

He is thinking of his girl. Does she or his parents come first?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS—

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

PARENTS naturally want their children to do well for themselves. It is a pride that is justifiable and a desire that is understandable. And there is nothing more disappointing than when those hopes are frustrated.

Here is a case in point. A father, writing to me about his eldest son, says:

"We have done everything for him, giving him a far better education than the other children have had. And up to now he has been a credit to us, for at the age of twenty-two he has attained a responsible position and is earning good money.

"But now he has become engaged to a girl, who, to our way of thinking, is totally unworthy of him. Instead of helping him on, we feel she will only drag him down.

"There is another consideration. We always felt that one day he would repay us for all we had spent on him, but if he carries out his intention to get married in two months' time, he will leave home just when we need him most.

"Both my wife and I are getting on in years and the other children at present are earning very little. Is there anything we can do to make him realise how stupid he is in marrying such a girl and how unfairly he is treating us?"

That problem is a twofold one.

In the first place these parents are anxious about the marriage their son is contracting. "The girl is not good enough for him" is their plaint.

I have met that objection before. A number of my letters come from parents who believe that, in the matter of marriage, their children might do "far better."

But what happens when they try to prevent the wedding from taking place? They seldom succeed, and for this reason—a young lover is notoriously stubborn. The more obstacles placed in his path the greater is his desire to overcome them. Love not only laughs at locksmiths, but at the objection of parents.

And if a young man is of age the law is on his side. He has a perfect right to select the girl he wishes to become his wife.

In fairness to many a young couple, too, I must add that the gloomy prognostications of their elders are not always realised. Many a marriage that has been foredoomed to failure succeeds in passing the acid test—namely, that of a husband and wife living happily together.

So if I were my correspondent I would point out to his son the disadvantages that result from an undesirable union. That is the limit of a parent's duty, and beyond that it is not wise to go.

He could wait

Now, I feel these parents are on surer ground in emphasising the second part of their objection. In the course he is pursuing, that young fellow is forgetting the debt of honour he owes his parents.

He would not be where he is but for their sacrificing efforts. And it is up to him to show his gratitude in the only practical way.

He is still young—only twenty-two—and without hurting himself or his girl he could easily wait another two or three years before getting married. By that time the other children may have grown up and be able to take his place in making their parents' lives a little easier.

No one has ever suffered for being kind and considerate to his parents.

The education of children is an investment that ought to yield a good dividend. In some cases those dividends are not required, for the parents are in a position to maintain themselves.

But in this case it is different. They are "getting on in years" and need the son's help. If he is worthy of all they have done for him he will not fail them.

Sheer snobbery seems to be at the root of my next problem. It is propounded by a woman who tells me:

"I have been married four years and we have two little girls. Our home life has been a very happy one, but my husband seems to have changed lately. I think it is due to the influence of his mother. She never approved of his marrying me, and keeps saying that he could have done better than marry a 'domestic servant.'

"So far, I have ignored her cruel taunts, but as I don't want my home life to be wrecked, I wonder what course you would advise me to take? I may say that I am proud of the fact that for five years I was in domestic service."

My correspondent has every reason to be proud. Domestic service is one of the most honourable of all pursuits, and as a rule those who have been engaged in it make exceedingly good wives, for they have been trained in home-making and home-running.

The slighting remarks of that mother-in-law are both unfair and undeserved. I think she should be told so in as few words as possible.

But it should not be allowed to develop into a quarrel, for instead of removing the trouble that would only aggravate it.

Let my correspondent prove her mother-in-law wrong by maintaining a comfortable home for her husband and her children. That is the best answer to her taunts.

Snobbery in one form or another is also at the root of the problems of two or three other correspondents of mine. I must say I have not much sympathy with them.

What nonsense!

One is a young fellow of twenty, who already has won for himself a good position, largely because his hard-working parents, by dint of sacrifice, gave him a good education.

He tells me he has for some time been keeping company with a girl, who seems to return his affections, but who belongs to what he calls a better class than his own.

He has not taken the girl to see his parents because they are, he says, just working folk, and he thinks they might shame him.

What nonsense!

Working-class or not, his parents are honest, respectable, hard-working people, and there is nothing to be ashamed of in that. He should be proud of them, and tell his girl so.

If I were in his place I would have a frank talk with her parents also. With pride ringing in my voice I would tell them what my folk were and what they had done for me.

And if they offered any objection to his marrying their daughter on the grounds of inferior "social status," I should advise him to look for happiness elsewhere.

Let him remember Bobby Burns' fine words:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that."

If he does he will know he is as good as his girl, and his parents as good as hers.

* * *

PHILIP INMAN'S chief aim in life is to help you out of your troubles. Your problem may seem insoluble, but there's always a way out—and Philip Inman usually finds it. Address your letters to "Humanist," and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter he quotes.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

A Mother's Prayer

"I'M trusting someone will hear my prayer for my bairns," writes a mother from the far North, "as it is nerve-racking. I have sold so much out of my home to try and make ends meet. I have no heart left. I feel having to part with the things that one has so much striven for. I should break my heart if I had to part with my kiddies, as they are three pictures."

The writer is a soldier's widow, her husband having served in the Great War from start to finish. When he came home, he earned a living as a window-cleaner. But his nerves were shattered, and one day he fell from his ladder and was killed.

"The shock," says his widow, "nearly finished me, as I have a rheumatic heart, due to rheumatic fever. I was left with nothing to carry on with, as I could not claim the widow's pension, owing to my husband having worked on his own during his last three years."

She now receives £1 a week relief, out of which she must pay the rent of the small room she and her three kiddies—aged eight, five and two years—occupy. As she has no place for washing clothes, she has to add to her expense by sending them out, and very little remains for food and clothing.

Her grocer's bill weighs on her mind like a ton of bricks, but the children must be fed, though she often goes hungry herself.

Her doctor states: "She is a patient who has had cardiac trouble for some years, which has of late become so bad as to necessitate her keeping to her home practically entirely. I know her to be in the worst possible circumstances financially, even to the extent of not being able to supply herself with the urgent necessities which I have ordered in her treatment."

And her vicar testifies: "I have been round to see her to-day, and I feel that she is a woman thoroughly deserving all the help that you can give her. The home was most tidy and the children well cared for. I honestly believe that this is a case thoroughly deserving the help of your valuable fund."

Donations sent for this and other cases should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

TOWN HALL *Trickster*

HOUSEWIVES should be on their guard against a wily trickster who makes a practice of calling when menfolk are away at work.

He says he has come from the town hall, and usually hands in a card bearing the inscription "Inspector Barker."

The other day he cropped up in Manchester, and pretended that the efficiency of the local electricity supply was being tested.

As "Chief Installation Inspector" he was empowered to examine all meters and fittings, and he willingly displayed documents which purported to prove his identity.

In this way he gained access to the house for the ostensible purpose of carrying out his inspection.

He then spent some time going from room to room, and it was not until long after he had left that the householder found that numerous small articles of value were missing.

That is Inspector Barker's game, and his aggregate hauls are very considerable.

Complaints have arisen in a number of towns where he has operated in the aliases of Simpson, Lennard and Miller—always with the prefix "Inspector."

Watch for him!

See that they keep their holiday health

SOON you will be sending them back to school brimful of life and health. See that they keep their holiday fitness. Shredded Wheat, and plenty of it, builds health and strength, gives stamina to meet the increased demands which school work makes. With milk it makes good, wholesome fare for breakfast, and it is even better with stewed fruits added, an appropriate dish also for lunch or supper. Serve it, for a change, with butter and cheese, or jam, or set in a jelly. Shredded Wheat minimises not only work but housekeeping costs too; for, further to saving gas and coal, a big packetful goes a long way. Being pure, whole wheat with all its goodness retained, made easily and quickly digestible, a portion of Shredded Wheat provides abundant nourishment and gives lasting satisfaction.

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for breakfast lunch or supper

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Make your hair softer, more lustrous, more gleamingly entrancing than ever before—give it a "Harlene-Hair-Beauty-Bath" to-day. Notice the added Beauty, the glorious "Vitality," and "life." Just secure a sachet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder and a bottle of "Harlene" Hair Grower.

Shampoo your hair with "Cremex." Its abundant creamy lather is super-cleansing and highly beneficial.

When your hair is dry massage a little "Harlene" gently into the scalp with a circular "kneading" motion. That is all! But "Harlene" acts as a 'Champagne Tonic' to every hair root—Super Beautifying.

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If you wish to test 'Harlene' Preparations entirely FREE you may choose *any three* and secure them simply by posting the coupon.

1 'HARLENE' HAIR-GROWER

'Harlene' is the most widely used and most successful Hair Grower and Hair Health Promoter. It is the Hair's *True* Liquid Food—the Champagne-Reviver of the Hair Roots—the foe of all Hair Troubles.

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All Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 Bottle.

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'Cremex' is the Queen of Shampoos—unequalled for its cleansing power. Free Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Those who use a Brilliantine will find none to equal 'Uzon.' Especially beneficial to those with over-dry scalp. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle.

4 HARLENE WAVE SETTING LOTION

Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills! 1/3 per bottle.

5 HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN WASH

Produces that rare ASH BLONDE effect and imparts a Glorious Light-Gold "Sunshine" Touch to Fair Hair. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per bottle.

6 'ASTOL' for GREY HAIR

If your Hair is Grey you should use 'Astol,' which quickly restores the Hair to Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

Money refunded within 1 month of Purchase if not satisfied.

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On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover postage and packing a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *Attach coupon to sheet bearing your name and address. State which numbers are required.*

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T.C.P.

MY GREATEST HOUR . .

It began with a LOVELY BLACK EYE

by

CHARLES COBORN,

the old-time Comedian

THE hour I'd like to live over again I spent in a third-class smoking compartment of an old London District train between Aldgate and Shepherd's Bush.

It was in the spring of 1886, and at the time I was earning five pounds a week—whenever, that is, a manager would give me a job. There were no fancy salaries in those days, and you were lucky always to be in employment.

I was a comedian looking for a song.

I had long been convinced that the only way to succeed in the music-halls of the day was to find a song which the boys in the gutter would sing. My friend, Walter Munro, used to laugh at me.

You can imagine us walking along Whitechapel Road to Aldgate. I was shorter than Walter, but we both dressed very much alike—grey jackets and billycock hats.

As we walked along I would talk gravely of my conviction about the song the boys in the gutter could sing. Walter Munro would tell me not to be an idiot—only perhaps a little more forcibly than that.

A *brain-wave*

I would turn in at the station and he would go on his way. And during that long journey from Aldgate to Shepherd's Bush—it took about an hour in those days—I used to ponder over the song that would set the world by storm and put the ball at my feet.

Month after month I travelled from the music-halls of the East End to my home in Shepherd's Bush. Each day I determined to bring out my masterpiece—but invariably got out of the train at the other end as uninspired as when I got in at Aldgate. The song would not come.

I almost began to think that Walter Munro was right and I was a blamed idiot.

And then. . . .

I suppose luck and circumstances play a bigger part in our lives than we give credit for.

Well, luck came my way one evening when I dropped in to a hall when I was out of work and heard a very pretty girl, Ida Morris, an American and a cousin of the well-known "Sisters Richmond," singing a ballad of incredible banality, called "My Nellie's Blue Eyes."

The tune was not bad, but the words were awful drivel. "Bright as the stars that shine above, my Nellie's blue eyes." I said to myself, "Those words and that music scream for a parody."

Times were bad and looked like getting worse. I must do something if I was to get off the rocks. But still, for some time, my famous parody song remained unwritten.

And then, when driven almost to desperation, I lived my greatest hour.

Emerging from the Whitechapel Road I began to hum the tune of "My Nellie's Blue Eyes." And just at that moment I saw a man with a beautiful black eye pass by.

My great hour had begun.

I made up my mind at once. It must be a song about black eyes—lovely black eyes—*two* lovely black eyes.

That was something: but how to begin? Must begin somehow. It seemed hopeless, but better than make another fruitless journey, why not say something about walking.

How I did it

As I bought my ticket at Aldgate Station I had made up my mind that the first lines of my great parody would be "Strolling so happy down Stepney Green."

I was playing at the old Paragon opposite Stepney Green at the time. (The words were afterwards changed to Bethnal Green as being more intelligible to the West End.) I was by no means happy. In fact, I faced the prospect of being out of work very soon. But what of that?

After I sat down in the corner of the smoky carriage—you *had* real smoke in the underground tunnels in those days—I went on writing in my imagination quite aimlessly. The next line fitted in pretty well.

"This gay youth you might have seen."

I loved the touch of gaiety in my misery.

The rest of the verse held me up for a long while and I filled in the gaps with such things as "Tompkins and I, with his girl between."

I have never been able to make up my mind why I selected Tompkins to give me my first black eye. But Tompkins he was and Tompkins he remained.

The chorus came to me as the train settled down to the murky gloom of the tunnel. Everything seemed black and horrible. But it helped.

I knew that my song must have a chorus which the gutter boys could sing, and I got on famously.

"Two lovely black eyes,
Only for telling a
man he was wrong,
Two lovely black eyes."

I knew I had to get some variation. But what? Just then the train gave a tremendous jerk and I felt myself saying, "That was a surprise." Of course, I had it. My last line. I cried out with joy and everybody thought I had gone mad. I suppose I had. They were not to know I was living my greatest hour.

At home that night I set down my composition on paper and the next Friday night I sang it at the Paragon Music Hall in Stepney Green. It went with a roar and I felt I was already a famous man.

Not for nothing had I lived through the thrills of that great hour in the railway train.

The East End audience in those days knew quite a lot about black eyes. After the first chorus they were singing with one voice. The costers left the theatre arm in arm shouting "Two Lovely Black Eyes" as if their lungs would burst.

Three guineas

But I had counted my chickens before they were hatched. I made my way to the manager. He was standing at his usual pitch holding up the bar. He asked me to have a drink and went on telling funny stories.

He did not once mention my great song. He did not come forward with an offer for a big engagement. Oh, no. He just told another doubtful yarn and asked me in a bored voice to have another drink.

I crawled out of the theatre, quite humiliated. I had found a song which all the boys in the gutter could sing. But what good had it done me? I afterwards sold it to a publisher for three guineas, and thought myself very lucky.

I took my five pounds for a week's work at the old Paragon and then made my first trip to Paris to look for a job. I didn't find one. Very disheartened, I came back to London to sing in a few out-of-the-way music-halls such as Sebrights in Hackney and Deacons in Sadlers Wells.

Fame and fortune

And then because it was the slack summer season and I did not cost much money I was given a two weeks' engagement at the old Trocadero in Shaftesbury Avenue. And I remained there fourteen months.

Now I look back and realise that "Two Lovely Black Eyes" was a dreadful song. But with my other big popular hit, "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," it brought me fame and fortune.

It gave pleasure to many. And it provided me with my greatest hour.

Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Buying Experience

A FRIENDLY reader of JOHN BULL differs from me in regard to the merits of the case described in my homily, "Defending Oneself."

He thinks there must be something wrong with the young man who complains that all his mates unite in persecuting him; for as a general rule the instinct of fair play can be depended upon to rouse some members of every company to take a stand in defence of one who is being victimised.

I agree that this is so, but there are exceptions. The young man in question had certainly got into a bad set, and his remedy was either to get out of it and into one more congenial or to live down the hostility by doing sound work and displaying no petty resentment. Time is usually on the side of anyone who does his best in this way.

* * *

It may be, also, that the young fellow was too sensitive and showed it too plainly. This is always unwise. There is in human nature a common tendency to hurt those who wear their hearts on their sleeves and whom there is no reason to fear.

On the other hand, I have noticed that the person who receives the most chaff among a set of people is quite frequently the most popular member of it. This is because he is good-natured and does not harbour a grievance or hold himself aloof.

But, say what you will, life has some hard lessons to teach to those who have their way to make and fail to allow enough for the selfishness and cunning they have to encounter.

On this point I was touched not long ago by the testimony of another JOHN BULL reader, a middle-aged woman. After telling me of the trouble she had gone through, she pathetically stated that the thing she regretted most was the mistrust of other people that had been engendered in her by bitter experience.

She used to take people at their face value and believe all they said; she was by nature unreserved and unsuspicious; but now when anyone makes friendly overtures to her she finds herself secretly questioning their motives and wondering what they will presently be trying to get out of her.

* * *

This is a sad confession to have to make, but one cannot be surprised who knows how shockingly this woman has been treated. She will probably get over it in time if even a little of true and disinterested friendship comes her way.

There are people who enjoy giving pain; they have a malicious streak in them; wherever they go they are a bad influence.

* * *

Never trust the person who makes a practice of maligning others to you. You can be very sure he will not spare you when your back is turned. And there is something seriously amiss with the character of anyone who is for ever running others down. It is a sure sign that he has something to cover up in his own life.

An absolute necessity of happy living is to have something worth believing in and worth loving and suffering for. And there is no inconsistency between taking the world as it is, with all its evils and disappointments, and continuing to believe in the abundant goodness and beauty it contains.

Caution and kindness should ever go hand in hand. And two chief assets of practical wisdom are a cool head and a warm heart.

What a relief!

Feet that ache and are weary—feet that are cruelly cramped—feet that seem to live in a hot unhappy world of their own . . . Give them sweet relief in a hot foot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it . . . Grateful feet—renewed, revived—feet that tread as if they trod to music—happy eager feet.

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HOW HOSPITALS CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY, & BLADDER DISORDERS.

Alice Landles, qualified nurse, says, Drink 'Saltrates' water for permanent results.

This is the time when hospitals experience a rush of serious functional disorder cases. The system becomes loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste and poisonous impurities, which clog the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow stomach, kidney, bladder, and skin troubles, headache, backache, biliousness, jaundiced liver, influenza, catarrh and rheumatism. Toxins and bacteria excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of disease-resisting vitality, and you have no energy; are 'nervy' and sleep badly. The real trouble is auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. Otherwise you could not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a level teaspoonful of '*Alkia Saltrates*' in a half tumbler of water, and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. This pleasant-tasting and remarkably curative substance can be supplied at slight cost by any good chemist.

—A. L.

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I Wish I'd Stuck to England

by a Tourist who DIDN'T

THE holiday season is coming to a close and it has left me a sadder and wiser man.

For I am one of those who disregarded the advice—"Take your holiday in Britain." I wish now I'd never done so.

I was determined to see the Continent, and, in case any other readers of JOHN BULL are afflicted with the same determination, I should like them to read my experiences. Then they may change their minds.

Friends in Germany advised me not to go there because of political troubles and the possibility of my being involved in awkward happenings as a result.

• • •

The Belgian coast resorts, I was told, were not adjusting their terms in the slightest to attract British visitors who would suffer by the fall in the value of the pound.

From the Riviera I was warned that the offer of the hotel-keepers to reduce their previous rate by 25 per cent. and to provide free motor-car transport from Paris was only a snare.

So I went to Brittany, once regarded as the most economical region of France for a Briton on holiday.

I thought holiday-making on the Continent would save me money. But I soon got a shock.

Any idea in my mind of spending a cheap holiday and that French hotel charges had been decreased to compensate for the lower purchasing power of sterling were dispelled when my first bill was handed to me.

Among a score of overcharged items were baths, which were 3s. 6d. each. When I suggested this was excessive, the amazing explanation was given that hotels in the district only maintained their bathrooms for English visitors and there were so few of them this season that prices had to be raised.

It all looks so alluring—but at what a price!

It is true that almost everywhere there is a slight reduction in the charge for accommodation.

• • •

But anything which the French tourist caterers give away with one hand they snatch back with the other—and then take a lot more.

It is only when the visitor receives his bill that he becomes aware of the extent to which he is victimised. He is not only unmercifully cheated in the prices now being demanded for "incidentals," but is outrageously robbed in the charges for aperitifs, wines, and liqueurs.

These have become 30 to 50 per cent. dearer to the British visitor than the hotel-keepers would dare charge a native.

The wickedness of this attempt to recover the pretended concession in boarding terms is that the visitor does not know he is being fleeced until the time comes to settle at the end of his stay.

At Quimper I sent a shoe from my hotel for repair which, in England, would cost perhaps 2s. 6d. An entry of 4s. 10d. appeared on the bill, so I sought out the shoemaker—to learn that he had charged the hotel only 1s. 8d.

• • •

During my roving holiday I stayed in twenty-two towns or seaside places, and in every one an attempt was made to impose upon me. Other British tourists I then or have since met had similar experiences.

It was from a postmaster I obtained the only explanation of this new mood of exploitation among the hotel proprietors. "The reason is," he said, "that if a person comes to France knowing that he can get only 14s. 6d. of value for 20s., he must be very foolish or very wealthy. If he is either, he is fair game."

The hotel owners are certainly in a bad way owing to the sudden loss of British patronage.

• • •

At one usually bustling small seaside town, the proprietor of the hotel where I was staying announced dinner by parading the roadway in front of a line of hotels facing the beach, vigorously swinging a bell.

I was the only person staying at his hotel. So I asked him why he had bothered to cause such a stir.

"Ah!" he answered, "I wanted my confrères in the other hotels to know that I, at last, have a guest. They have none."

For the privilege of being the only client of that modest establishment, I had to pay as dearly as if I had stayed at one of the premier hotels of London.

TABLOID SPORT *by "Silver Ring" and Our Football Expert*

Gems for GATWICK

I SHALL have one more opportunity of referring to the St. Leger, but providing she steers clear of accidents UDAIPUR will be my selection.

Meanwhile, some of the "crocks" are doing well. As a result of sea-water baths, April the Fifth is in strong work again. I have known sea-water to effect some wonderful cures, but doubt whether there is time to get the Derby hero ready.

D. Dale, who has an establishment at Seaford, is the past-master at curing cripples. His "miracles" extend to patching up a 'chaser with a broken leg—Father Collins—and winning a three-mile race with him.

The "gems" for Gatwick this week-end are Chef De Musique and Escurial. Manvero may pop up again in the August Handicap.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 25, to Wednesday, August 31.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S O O
93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IXR2M97 would read MELLIN.

A SOCCER SEER'S SELECTIONS

FOR AUGUST 27

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) CHELSEA v. Blackburn.
(2) SUNDERLAND v. Manchester C.
(3) Birmingham v. Arsenal.
(4) Bolton v. NEWCASTLE.
(5) LEEDS v. Derby.
(6) LEICESTER v. Sheffield United.
*(7) LIVERPOOL v. Wolves.
(8) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Villa.
(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Huddersfield.
**(10) WEDNESDAY v. Blackpool.
(11) W.B. ALBION v. Everton.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) MILLWALL v. Southampton.
*(2) NOTTS COUNTY v. Lincoln.
**(3) BRADFORD CITY v. Fulham.
(4) BURNLEY v. Chesterfield.
(5) GRIMSBY v. Notts Forest.
(6) Manchester U. v. Stoke.
*(7) OLDHAM v. Plymouth.
(8) PORT VALE v. Bury.
(9) PRESTON v. Bradford.
(10) SWANSEA v. West Ham.
(11) HOTSPUR v. Charlton.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) EXETER v. Bristol City.
(2) Bristol Rovers v. C. Palace.
(3) Q.P. RANGERS v. Brentford.
(4) Aldershot v. SOUTHEND.
**(5) BOSCOMBE v. Swindon.
(6) BRIGHTON v. Gillingham.
*(7) LUTON v. Northampton.
(8) Newport v. ORIENT.
(9) Norwich v. Watford.
**(10) READING v. Cardiff.
(11) Torquay v. COVENTRY.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) SOUTHPORT v. Barrow.
(2) WREXHAM v. Barnsley.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Halifax.
(4) CREWE v. York.
**(5) GATESHEAD v. Doncaster.
(6) Mansfield v. Chester.
(7) Rochdale v. CARLISLE.
(8) ROTHERHAM v. N. Brighton.
(9) STOCKPORT v. Darlington.
*(10) TRANMERE v. Hartlepool.
(11) Walsall v. HULL.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) CELTIC v. Morton.
(2) PARTICK v. Hamilton.
(3) Airdrie v. Rangers.
(4) AYR v. Aberdeen.
(5) COWDENBEATH v. Kilmarnock.
(6) DUNDEE v. St. Johnstone.
(7) E. Stirling v. QUEEN'S PARK.
(8) MOTHERWELL v. Clyde.
(9) ST. MIRREN v. Hearts.
*(10) THIRD LANARK v. Falkirk.

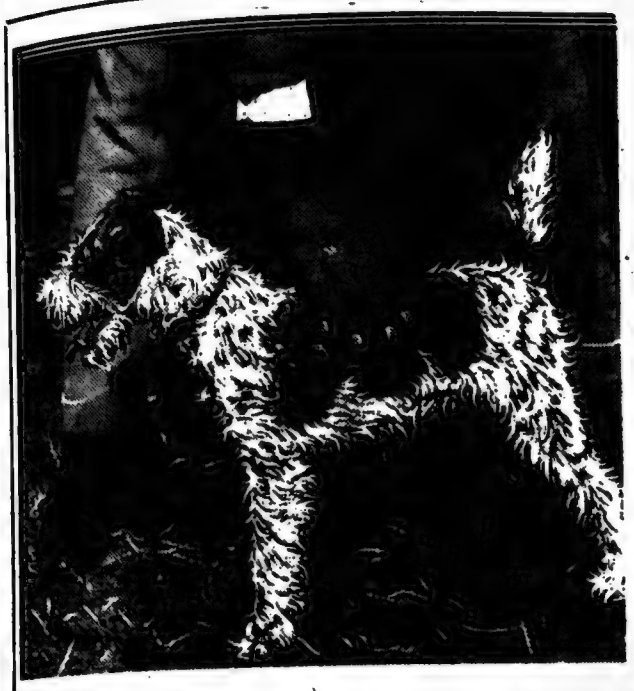
Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—10 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); Southern Section—11 (*A*); Northern Section—5 (*H*); Scottish League—1 (*H*) would indicate Wednesday, Bradford City, Coventry, Gateshead and Celtic.



What makes your dog look RAGGED

at the end of August?

THE quality of your dog's coat depends entirely on the condition of his blood, and as his blood has overheated on every hot day during the past three months, his coat is now showing the effects in one of two ways. The coat may be actually thin, or it may be dense but lacking the "bloom" which you see on a coat nourished by pure blood.

Your dog will grow a beautiful coat if you provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system. As every experienced Breeder will tell you, no amount of external treatment can give your dog a good coat unless his blood is conditioned in this way. Mr. George Howlett, the world-famous judge and breeder of Fox Terriers, says "Bob Martin's Condition Powders have been of considerable value to me in keeping my dogs and puppies really fit and in magnificent coat." For forty years all thoughtful dog owners, including the world's most eminent Breeders, have kept their dogs in glorious condition by providing them with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

If you value your dog's happiness, and like him to look his best, provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders **now.** In less than 10 days you will be amazed at these differences which condition makes to him :—

* *sharper appetite* * *jaunty step*
* *clearer eyes* * *happier manner.*

And in a few more days you will see the biggest difference of all, for his coat will begin to take on that beautiful "bloom" which distinguishes the well conditioned dog, and is the surest sign of pure blood.

Your nearest chemist, dog biscuit shop and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders, and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Cure and prevent LOSS OF APPETITE, ECZEMA, CONTINUAL SCRATCHING, LISTLESSNESS, LOOSE COAT, and SWELLINGS between TOES by purifying the blood and toning up the whole system

Good worker—hard worker—yet away too often from your desk. In business, absence does not make the heart grow fonder. Why will you continue with that down-dragging, weakening pain when there is a remedy you may test free?

Do you realise the danger of neglecting Hæmorrhoids until an operation may be necessary. Let us prove to you at our expense how quickly Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy stops irritation, soothes and heals the affected part. For internal, external, blind or bleeding piles there is nothing like Man Zan. No ordinary ointment, but a cleansing, soothing, healing balm specially prepared for hæmorrhoids.

All chemists stock this preparation in its special tube, price 3/-, or you can send direct to the manufacturers (address below), and your supply will be sent by return, post free. Post coupon for your free supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy and start to get pain free.

MAN ZAN

Brand PILE REMEDY

.....FREE! YES, FREE!.....

To E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd.,
(Dept. R 13.), Croydon, Surrey.

Please send me, without obligation, in plain wrapper, a Free Sample of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

SET YOUR OWN HAIR

Pull the Butywave Wavesetter down over your hair. Release slowly, and the waves are gathered up between the bands. Tie the ends loosely under the chin. Your waves are perfectly set in a few minutes. No metal parts. So comfortable you can sleep in it if desired.

5/- complete.

BUTYWAVE WAVESETTER

See it at Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites's and all good chemists and hairdressers. Or post free from The Butywave Co., 5, Rampayne St., London, S.W.1

ANAEMIC LANGUID DEPRESSED

Mrs. REEVE, 9, High Terrace, Ackworth Moor Top, Yorks., writes: "I have derived great benefit by taking your wonderful tonic Vitadatio. Several years ago I became very Anaemic. I was always languid, very miserable and depressed, and awful headaches continually troubled me. By taking Vitadatio for a few weeks my ailments disappeared and I am now always recommending it."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores. 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121 Armley, Leeds. V163

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

I was losing my Husband's Love

He was beginning to take so much notice of a blonde with a marvellous complexion that I confess I became frightfully jealous. Then I began to study the reason for her attractiveness. She never had a shiny nose—her complexion was always so fresh and lovely even after dancing all evening in a hot restaurant. At last a famous beauty specialist told me her secret—she just blended a little mousse of cream with her face powder. This marvellous ingredient, she said, makes the powder cling to the skin even in windy and rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration. To my delight after the first trial my husband said—"You look lovely to-night!"—Now my fresh lovely complexion is the admiration of my husband and the envy of all my friends.

NOTE: The sole rights to the use of this amazing discovery of "Mousse of Cream" have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. Blended by a secret process in Poudre Tokalon it actually acts as a tonic and makes the skin *naturally* beautiful instead of merely covering it. Banishes all trace of shine permanently, and gives marvellous complexions never before seen.

1/- a box, Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6.

Our Letter Parliament

THE job I'd choose is the one God made and intended me for—motherhood. In spite of the agony and the so-called ties, I can imagine nothing more sublime than that of bringing a little life into the world.

Again, what closer bond could exist between husband and wife than that of watching their child grow up, of planning for its future and settling all the little problems that arise where children are concerned?

God grant that I shall be called upon to fulfil this job one day.—V. R., London.

The Job I'd LIKE to Have

TO tend a flock of my very own in a quiet country village, far from the madding crowd.

Time for thought and contemplation, time to study nature, and time for wide reading. A haven of peace in a world gone mad with progress.

Yet, withal a full life, a good life, and one with unbounded scope to practise as one preached.

What better job could I have than that of a country parson, striving to be a good shepherd?—*H. I. Moore, Leeds.*

Dusty Smiler

There's a fellow carrying on a job in this town whom I really do envy. And he's only a dustman! I'm a banker! What a fool, you say.

But no! He's always whistling, always carefree, always with a smile, always grimy, but eternally contented.

I'm always stiff and starchy; always like a new pin; but never with a spontaneous smile, never with a twinkle; and whistle! Ye gods!

I dream of robberies, bankruptcy, violence, guns, gangsters, death! Yes, in all earnestness, I'd change with him tomorrow.—"*Banker,*" *Glamorgan.*

Said with Flowers

The most interesting as well as a good all-year-round job is that of the florist.

If it is a bouquet for a wedding, it makes you feel happy as you know you are helping to make the bride look her best.

If the customer wants a bunch of flowers for the home, you know you are making a brighter home for someone.

If it is a wreath, you know you are giving someone a beautiful ending.

Not only is it a steady job, but a happy one to be among the prettiest things on God's earth.—*Vera Oldham, Ardwick.*

Spellbound

As one with a little concert experience, I have often longed to be a famous singer, to speak in music in a manner capable of impressing listeners.

To hold a large audience spellbound; a sea of faces upturned, with its great variety of expressions, engrossed in rapt attention, eagerly awaiting every word, and when the end comes a spontaneous outburst of generous applause!—*E. Roberts, Chester.*

Earth's Angels

The job I would like best of all is that of a nurse. What a grand thing to think you could do a lot towards giving your patients fresh hope if only with a smile and a kind word.

With that little kindness and the doctor's experience, it would make them realise that life was worth living, although perhaps many are incurable.

But I'm afraid my wish can never be granted, for I have an incurable complaint, and it is by being a hospital patient myself that I realise what a kind word from the nurses means.—*V. P., Leicester.*

On the Beat

I wish I were a policeman. The Force offers unrivalled prospects for a steady man of good health and fair education.

The pay is generous, and includes free uniform, medical attention, boots, clothing and other allowances. The job is a permanency, with prospects of advancement, and carries a pension on retirement.

There are few jobs offering better prospects for an ambitious young fellow.—"*Too Young,*" *Parsons Green.*

Out of the Limelight

A police-court missionary. He has a glorious chance to do so much real, practical good for the unlucky. He can help the first offender, he can aid the "old lag."

How many are the homes that he has saved from disaster by timely aid and sensible advice?

He works quietly in the background of the court, but he does good wherever he goes. He makes no fortune, but what a record to look back on when one is old!—*H. M., Birmingham.*

Quiet Security

Not exciting, but marvellously satisfying, is the life of a cathedral verger. In the quiet security of his office, with kindly, cultured men for his employers, he is spared the anxieties of more precarious livelihoods.

In the worship of God and the dignity of English cathedral ritual he takes his honourable part.

Surrounded by the living beauty of stone and glass and wood, wrought by craftsmen of a thousand years, he hears from monument and tomb the inaudible voices of those who in thought and action, life and death, gave themselves freely for Church and State.—*John Williams, Liverpool.*

Men Only

To hold His Majesty's commission in the British Army, what finer job than this?—one that is never likely to be usurped by woman or undercut by unprincipled persons.

A leader of men in peace and war, looked up to and respected.

Where a man rises by merit, and not as sometimes in the commercial world by some influence.

And last, but not least, an officer and a gentleman go hand in hand, which means so much.—*G. R. Harper, Bucks.*

Lifelong Friend

I realise how arduous the life of a surgeon can be, but surely no profession offers so many consolations.

A successfully performed operation must give the surgeon tremendous satisfaction and secure for him the patient's everlasting gratitude.

This alone is some compensation for years of study, and although the commercial man may feel particularly happy at landing a substantial order, how many can truly say that his customer is his friend for life?—*A. R. W., London.*

In the Chair

To be the editor of an important newspaper with the power to choose my own policy.

To feel my finger on the pulse of the world's affairs, and to know that what I wrote would be read by millions, many of whom would hang on my words to determine their opinions.

I can think of no office wielding greater power, but I would not let that power go to my head.

I would lift up my voice that wrongs might be righted, and would feel that I had accomplished something worth while.—"*Eighteen,*" *Edinburgh.*

Moulding

I think there is no finer job than that of school-teaching, for it is with the plastic infant mind that one can make a child into a useful citizen.

Sympathetic teaching can arouse that interest in life which makes the child eager to learn more on leaving school.

To feel that one has moulded some great and useful destiny is reward indeed for patient work.

Who knows but what your class of children may contain a future Shakespeare or Newton, Florence Nightingale or Elizabeth Fry?—*D. Anderson, Altrincham.*

On the Bridge

To be captain of one of His Majesty's ships—what a proud position to attain, knowing one has had to study all manner of subjects from ordinary elementary subjects to highly technical work regarding manœuvres, etc., both for peace and war time.

To be able to take one's position on the bridge in stormy weather, knowing that not only the safety of the ship, but also of a thousand souls, rests with the captain.—*A. C., Fishponds.*

Romantic

The job I'd like would be that of secretary to an author. Why? Because, being of a literary turn of mind, I should prefer to type romances and stories instead of prosaic business letters.

How interesting when my employer had reached a certain point in the story to try and guess the ending!

And should perchance a plot present difficulties, I should be in sympathy, having myself experienced the annoyance of getting "stuck."—*Freda, Tooting.*

Dumb Thanks

I consider a veterinary surgeon's job is one of the finest on earth. He must have knowledge, skill, patience and a real love for animals.

A poor suffering animal cannot tell where is the pain or what it feels like, but a good vet. can find out the trouble and generally give relief.

To see the glow of gratitude in the eyes of dumb creatures is reward beyond compare.—*G. H., Salop.*

* * *

To work for a "boss" who would appreciate the work I did and not consider me just a piece of machinery.—*Eve, Dewsbury.*

Film censor. I would banish nauseating "bedroom scenes," and put an end to screenland's glorification of crime.—*A. G., Glasgow.*

A fashion artist and designer. What a wonderful thrill it would give me to go to Ascot and see beautiful women wearing marvellous dresses created by my own fingers.—*Miss H., Blackpool.*

Secretary to a woman travelling about England. I would thus be able to see the country instead of only a small part of it for a fortnight each year.—*P. C., N. Shields.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 30.

When I Was "Had"

SIDE SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader the prize is awarded to the first opened.

HEREFORD TIMES:—"A scholar attending —— School has won a FREE PACE."

THE CONSETT WEEKLY COURIER:—"Additional attraction Mannequin Parade ending with WEEDING TABLEAU."

WORCESTER DAILY TIMES:—"Mrs. —— will be pleased TO KNOW that she attained her ninetieth birthday on Thursday."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"Some time afterwards the Isle of Sark and a TUB hove in sight, and drew alongside."

CIRCUIT MAGAZINE:—"REFRESHMENTS WERE BOOTS FROM OFF OUR FEET."

PAIGNTON OBSERVER:—"Sharks have done considerable damage to the nets of the pilchard fishermen's boats off the WET coast of Cornwall."

A VILLAIN'S VENGEANCE (Novel):—"'Why, Delia Verinder, can it be you?' he asked in astonishment and delight, yet with pity for her white, TEA-stained face."

NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Highland Coast, Southampton, Bristol, Plymouth, Cardiff, via Tyne and Hull, 103 tons cast iron PIES and ammonia."

ECCLES JOURNAL:—"Garden Party and CROWING of the Rose Queen."

DAILY MAIL:—"Big MODERN battleships, including Nelson's famous H.M.S. *Victory*, can be seen and inspected."

HINCKLEY TIMES AND GUARDIAN:—"Wanted—Foreman Finisher, for firm in Hinckley MAKING medium class BOYS and GIRLS."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Millinery.—PEACEWORKERS REQUIRED."

DUNDEE COURIER AND ADVERTISER:—"—— rises to wonderful heights when, on one occasion, her frayed nerves give way and she seems on the border of SANITY."

WELLS JOURNAL:—"Some teachers who have gone through our own training colleges exert a glorious INFLUENZA."

"WATCH YOUR WEIGHT!"

(Heart Specialist's Warning)

FATNESS—CHIEF CONTRIBUTORY CAUSE OF HEART FAILURE

GREATER NEED THAN EVER FOR FAT PEOPLE to REDUCE

"SILF" Brand Tablets A QUICKER & POSITIVELY HARMLESS MEANS OF SLIMMING WITHOUT DRUGS, DIETING OR VIOLENT EXERCISE

ONCE again a solemn and serious warning is issued against the ever-present dangers and perils of Obesity.

As a well-known medical writer very aptly puts it: **"EVERY POUND OF EXCESS FLESH IS A FURTHER MORTGAGE ON THE POSSESSIONS OF HEALTH."**

Where can you find the fat person with a clean bill of health, who is not sadly conscious of heart flutterings and palpitations, who is not aware of that choked and impeded beating of the heart, who does not realise that the slightest strain imposes a sensation of heart failure?

And these remarks are well in order now that the belated summer-time is here, for **waves of heat and rolls of fat** are not the best of good companions—as all fleshy people know.

Hence it is that now, above all times, you should determine to become your former self again by a wise and timely resort to **"SILF"** Brand Obesity Tablets. "Silf" has proven itself the "friend in need" to all whose fleshiness has detracted from their appearance.

There are many thousands of happy men and women who are to-day rejoicing in their restoration to figure normality, a restoration brought about without recourse to any fads or fancies, without the acknowledged danger of fasting, purgatives, or violent exercises, and without any odd whims of dieting.

"Silf" does not shock the system, for, in its fat-reducing procedure, it adheres to natural laws, and all its constituents are garnered from Nature's stores and assembled in the most skilled manner known to remedial science.

"Silf" too, is certain, whether dealing with pronounced stoutness or but a growing tendency to overweight. In many instances it removes stones of unwanted flesh, whilst in lesser cases it disperses even those few pounds which encumber some particular region of the body.

And when you seek "Silf" as a fat-reducing ally you have a friend who does not interfere with your habits and customs, for the routine of your daily life is not in the slightest interfered with. What more can you desire?

It would be well to weigh up these remarks and to ask yourself pointedly, "Is it not time that I should deal with my overweight?" For neglect and delay will assuredly lead to danger and disease, to many personal inconveniences, to loss of vitality and activity, and to regrettable deprivation of the pleasures of life.

Start "Silf" now, and then "Watch your Weight," for you will soon be gratifyingly surprised.

Read these convincing letters from people who have lost stones of unwanted flesh—flesh that encumbered their limbs with a deadweight and deprived them of all the pleasures of life. No man or woman can be FIT and FAT; so deal with your overweight NOW!

RECORD REDUCTION
"Silf" Permanently Dissolves 102 lbs. of Excess Fat

80, Sandhurst-rd,
Kingsbury, Middx.
6th Jan.

Dear Sirs,—Mere words can scarcely convey my thanks for the welcome transformation which "Silf" tablets have effected in reducing my very excessive fatness.

From a huge, unwieldy, and unhealthy bulk of 18 st. 10 lbs., they have brought me down to the normal and healthy weight of 11st. 6lbs.—just about what a man of my height and build should be.

Those who have not seen me for a few years can scarcely credit that it is the same person, surely the finest comment that can be passed upon the efficacy of "Silf" tablets.

As my reduction has now lasted for over two years I confidently regard it as a permanent restoration to normality, and, on that account, desire to express my sincerest thanks to "Silf" tablets for this almost incredible result, especially as it followed the failure of various other treatments, specifics and methods.

Needless to say, I whole-heartedly recommend "Silf" Tablets to all afflicted with the grievous burden of corpulency.

Yours most thankfully,
(Sgd.) GEORGE READ.

From 15 st. 7 lbs. To 10 st. 4 lbs.

70, Windermere Rd., Muswell Hill, London, N.10. Jan. 30th, 1932.

Dear Sirs,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I inform you how wonderfully successful "Silf" has been on my behalf. Six months ago I weighed 15 stone 7 lbs.—this was fully 5 stone heavier than I ought to be, but now I am down to 10 stone 4 lbs.—a difference of 5 stone 3 lbs., for which I am extremely thankful to "Silf," because my fatness was injuring my health in so many ways and making me utterly miserable. I could not walk the slightest distance without my heart and breath being seriously affected. Within a month some 12 lbs. vanished, and now, after six months, I am fully reduced in weight. All this was done without dieting or exercising, simply "Silf" alone secured my release from fatness, and I assure you I have never felt better.—Yours faithfully

MARION CRAVEN (Mrs.).

1932 VENUS

Maida Vale, W., Jan. 27th, 1932.

Dear Sirs.—As you will recognise, I, as one of the acknowledged standards of figure form, must carefully guard against even the slightest encroach of unnecessary flesh, and quite recently I was dismayed to register some few pounds over my normal weight. This greatly concerned me, so on the recommendation of a friend I enlisted "Silf" as my Reducer. Much to my pleasure "Silf" has proved most effective, and I regard it as a really certain protection against over-weight.

You have my sincere thanks for its benefit to me. Yours faithfully,

STELLA PIERRES.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- PER BOX

Silf BRAND OBESITY TABLETS

You Save Money By Purchasing The Larger Sizes

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this medicine.

from all Chemists and Druggists, or post free by sending the price to—

The Silf Co., Ltd. (Dept. 46), 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

MONEY BACK OFFER

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 Box of SILF (Brand) Obesity Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that Silf will prove beneficial your money will be refunded by the Silf Co., Ltd., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the undertaking enclosed in every packet of Silf.

BIG INCREASE IN PRIZE-MONEY FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' UNUSUAL X-WORD

30/- A WEEK FOR LIFE and £30 CHEQUE YEARLY ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

HUGE 2-IN-1 PRIZE OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £750

FINE SUM OF £100 FOR RUNNERS-UP

ADDITIONAL BONUS OF £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO SEND TWO 6d. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

ENTER BY NOON THURS. SEPT. 1

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and a £30 Cheque yearly on your birthday (or £750 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 8th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 15th.

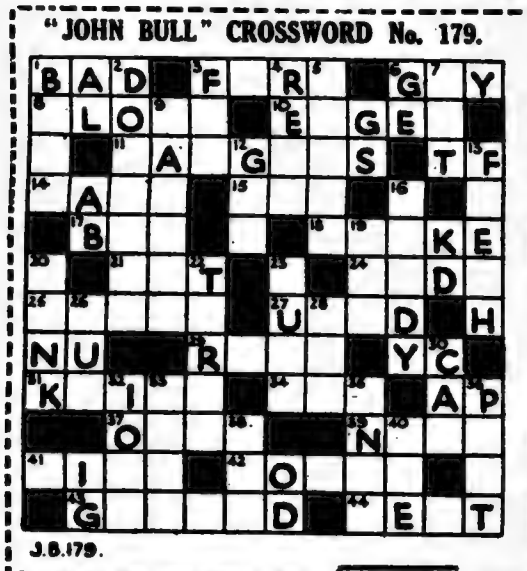
HERE is the first of "John Bull's" great new series of 2-in-1 First Prizes. For solving this week's Crossword you can win a Life Pension increased to 30/- weekly—and a cheque for £30 on your birthday every year.

The fine sum of £200 is also waiting to be won by Runners-up, as offered above, thus continuing "John Bull's" big weekly distribution of cash amongst those who just miss the First.

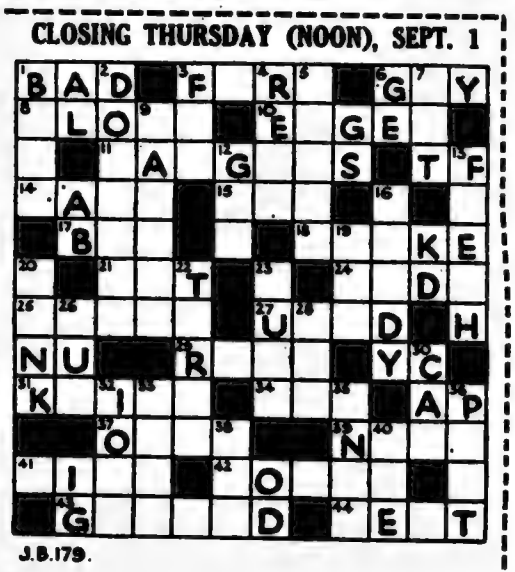
See that your solutions to this week's amusing puzzle are in by noon, Thursday, September 1st.

USE THESE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 179. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), SEPT. 1



J.B.179.



J.B.179.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

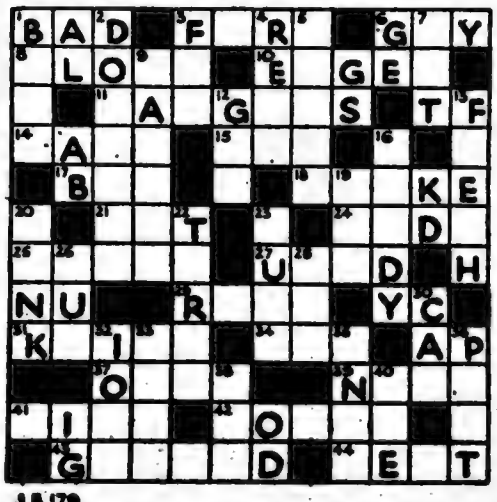
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

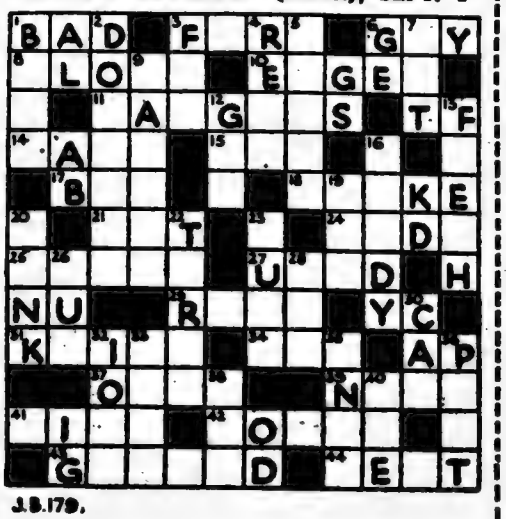
ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 179. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), SEPT. 1



J.B.179.



J.B.179.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLUES ACROSS

1. Wicked.
3. Commonly faces bankruptcy to-day.
6. Merry.
8. Run away for marriage.
10. Keen.
11. Are familiar to workers on the railway.
14. Bits of old cloth.
15. Beer.
17. A piece.
18. Martyrs were burned at this.
21. Negative.
24. Finishes.
25. Irate.
27. Employed.
29. Dora's restrictions still do this.
31. It needs a sharp blade.
34. Meadow.
37. Throw out.
39. Naked.
41. They improve wireless programmes.
42. Familiar, on busy road.
43. How suicides are often found.
44. Member vigorously defends his.

CLUES DOWN

1. Is kept behind bars.
2. Detectives are often doing this.
3. Flat marshy country.
4. Cotton is wound on one.
5. Female horses.
7. What young painter studies.
9. Minister of the Gospel.
12. Dentist often gives you.
13. Sometimes describes a colour.
16. Holiday-makers like beach to be this.
19. Golfer starts from.
20. It smartens up when inspection's expected.
22. Cars need four of these.
23. What heavy meal makes you.
26. She lives in a convent.
28. Observe.
30. Despicable fellow.
32. A jot.
33. Bother.
35. Busy little insects.
36. This must be dried before use.
38. Definite article.
40. Employ.

If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

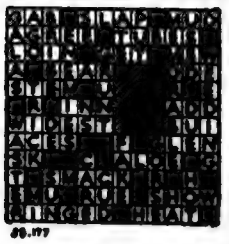
Address Entry: 'JOHN BULL,' CROSSWORD No. 179, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ENTRY FEE: With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 177



J.B.177

Winners in 176 on page 14

Result of 177 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 177 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send OneSHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 1st, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 15th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 27th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £750 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

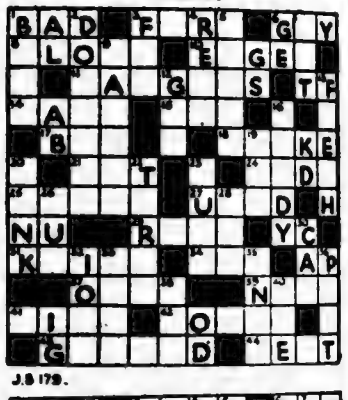
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

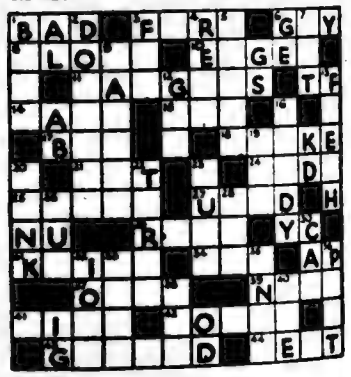
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J.B.179.



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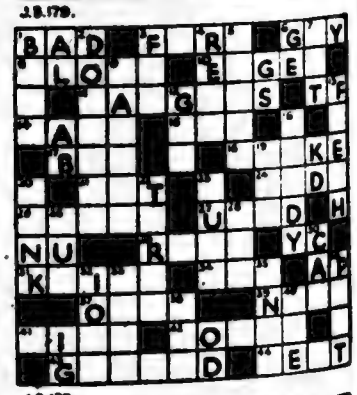

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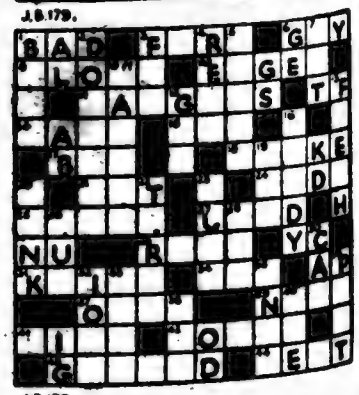


J.B.179.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

The EDITOR Laughs LAST

W. M. (Bude).—"Would you miss my weekly letter?" Yes, gladly.

T. M. (Baldock).—"I think you misjudge me." We hope so, for your sake.

H. J. P. (Bath).—"The horse I backed was an aristocrat." The last of his race?

K. T. (Settle).—"Bee stings cure rheumatism." And give speech to the dumb.

N. V. (Deal).—"Do talkie stars really believe in marriage?" From time to time.

S. M. (Grendon).—"When will you give my letters a warm welcome?" As soon as we start fires again.

A. W. (Leeds).—"No one has a warm reception when taking up new duties." A fresh fireman does.

R. C. (Hull).—"Your replies always make my blood boil." Whereas your letters just leave us cold.

M. R. (Lincoln).—"A man rarely gets into debt due to his own fault." No; it is always owing to others.

DEPRESSED (Leith).—"I had a fit of the blues before I started this letter." We had them after we had finished it.

M. T (Swindon).—"It takes very little to amuse me." So you laugh at your own thoughts?

D. P. (Berwick).—"I am considered one of the bright young people here." Do you burn the candle at both ends?

A. B. (Birmingham).—"Does alcohol make the teeth fall out?" No, but it loosens the tongue.

T. M. (Atherstone).—"The Yo Yo is just a silly, childish toy." Can't you do it, either?

S. L. (York.)—"I believe the enclosed joke is a new one." Then you would believe anything.

R. M. (Liverpool).—"I have some ugly customers to deal with." What are you—a beauty specialist?

G. H. (Queen's Park).—"They say I should pose as an artist's model." To Epstein?

J. M. S. (Streatham).—"How can people say that girls are wearing fewer clothes than ever?" Figures prove it.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"I built up my library at very little expense." We know of other book borrowers who have done the same.

V. S. (Exeter).—"My wife picked up a large dictionary and threw it at my head." Do words often pass between you?

D. G. (Wye).—"People who intend residing in Russia permanently have to produce evidence of physical fitness." Of course, their mental condition cannot be questioned.

E. M. (Rugby).—"Why are nearly all restaurant menus written in French?" Because, if English were used, customers would know what they were alleged to be eating.

B. H. (Hampstead).—"Many a man makes a lot of money merely by keeping his nose down to the grindstone." So that his wife can turn hers up at the neighbours.

MOTORIST (Reading).—"The possession of even a second-hand car is an argument in favour of motoring." The sort of argument, however, that one has often to push home.

JACK B. (Ilford).—"Having seen her efforts to drive the car into the garage, I realise my wife has poor sense of judgment." Well, don't let her put away the garden roller if you value the tool-shed!

F. M. (Letchworth).—"I shot by one big car after another in my little two-seater." There must have been a lot of traffic going in the opposite direction!

DOCTOR (London, W.).—"I know two men who have been thought dead and who are still alive to-day." You do not say where their plumbing business is situated.

HEALTH (Welwyn Garden City).—"Go to a dentist five or six times a year." On the sixth visit it is quite possible that you will pluck up sufficient courage to remain after you have rung the bell.

B. R (Cromer).—"A Hollywood film star has engaged a girl to double her for dangerous feats and to scream for her." We know more than one actress who might with advantage have somebody to act for her.

W. N. (Hitchin).—"My new job entails being half indoors and half outdoors." We trust the door never slams.

FATHER (York).—"My boy is anxious to be a doctor." So his writing is as bad as yours.

E. A. (Staines).—"Where does the path of duty lead us?" To the Customs sometimes.

G. S. (Heston).—"A popular tune keeps running through my head." Looking for company?

A. B. (Reading).—"What will come after the wireless?" Demands for the instalments.

C. W. (Chelsea).—"Who can excel the poet or the novelist at word painting?" The sign-writer.

L. C. (Devizes).—"I could sit down and write you pages and pages." Then keep standing, please.

G. T. (Hitchin).—"Many a man met his wife at the seaside." And found it difficult to convince her that the girl to whom he was speaking was only asking the way to the pier.

C. B. (Chelsea).—"America's latest film comedian is only eight months old." We bet he's a scream.

C. T. (Ealing).—"I believe poetry can be found in anything." Especially in our wastepaper-basket.

GROWER (Evesham).—"I fear that apples will do badly this year." So doctors will do well?

MRS. T. (Norwich).—"In times of trial, which words bring most comfort to a man?" "Not guilty."

T. L. (Chester).—"Is the fifty-two letter name of a Welsh village the longest in the world?" It's hard to say.

B. M. (Sutton).—"I'm a big man in my own way." Are you sure you are not in the way of others?

MEDICO (Leeds).—"Indoor workers find it definitely harmful to lie in the sun too long." Ignorance is blisters.

H. G. (Clapham).—"The essence of life is change." We have never been able to get taxi-drivers to realise this.

D. N. (Carlisle).—"Sunflowers always turn towards the sun." That should be of assistance to those on holiday who may be wondering where the sun is.

Y. C. (Birmingham).—"What do you think of putting our unemployed on the land?" It would be better than leaving them on the rocks.

H. L. (Hull).—"I must stop now as I have to be at my hairdresser's at five o'clock." It's a pity you did not make an earlier appointment.

DORIS (Clacton).—"I am sure it will break John's heart when I return to the City to-morrow." See letter below.

JOHN (Clacton).—"I am glad Doris is going home to-morrow as my wife is coming here the following day." See letter above.

A. P. S. (Rotherham).—"Unless you have a job waiting for you, it's useless going up to London." There's the job of filling up a coupon awaiting you on page 31. And if you do it well, you may soon be coming up to London to collect £750 and enjoy a Millionaire's Week-end as well.

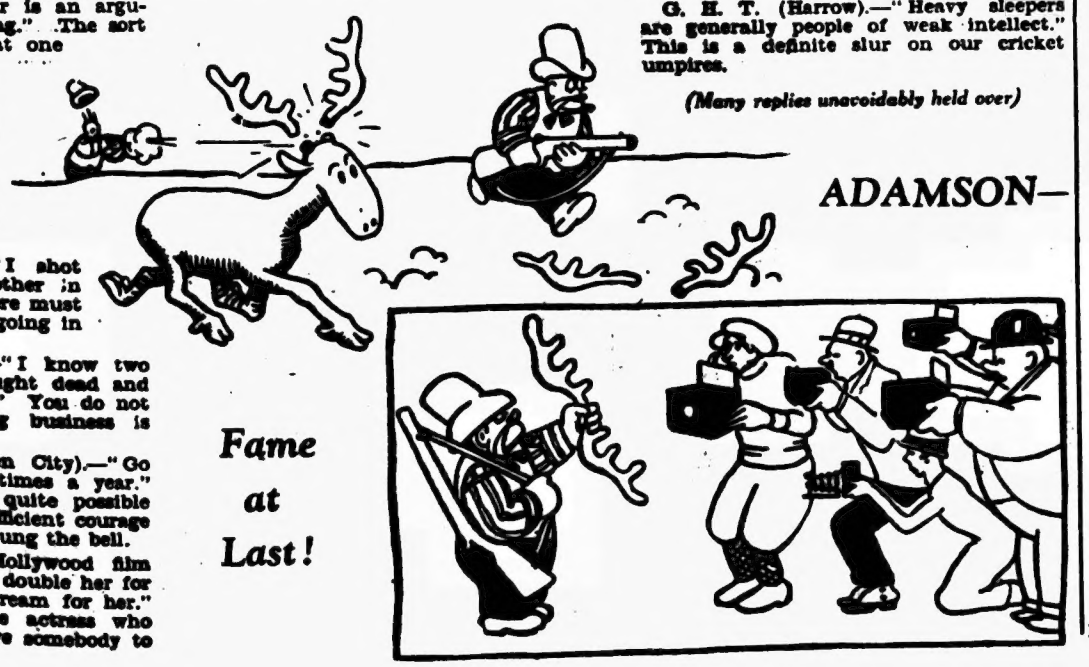
S. B. (Hounslow).—"In the last competition I entered I had only two mistakes." But two wrongs don't make a right.

W. W. (Shide).—"Did you hear of a man being fined for cutting buttons off people's clothes in the streets?" Yes; he'd evidently escaped from a laundry.

H. G. (Bourne).—"I now write for twice as many papers as I did a year ago." We hope both editors are satisfied with your work.

G. H. T. (Harrow).—"Heavy sleepers are generally people of weak intellect." This is a definite slur on our cricket umpires.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



TIZ for TIRED TENDER FEET

To relieve pain and burning, just dip those tired, aching feet in a soothing 'Tiz' foot-bath. 'Tiz' gives quick, sure relief and tones up the tired tissues without causing the feet to sweat! New sixpenny size (containing 18 tablets) now obtainable through all chemists and stores.

NEW SIZE 6D.

'TIZ' FOR TIRED FEET

NEW TREATMENT KILLS STOMACH PAINS

AT last the whole medical profession is agreed on one subject. All over the country, in the clinics and all the leading hospitals, they are using what is known as the Maclean formula. It is curing all sorts of stomach troubles, even serious cases such as Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers, and now you can get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at any chemist ready packed for your own use. Now if you suffer from acid stomach, wind, flatulence, or pains after eating, you can get just the same relief as if you went to a great hospital.

Do not lose any time, try it to-day.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons, the former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

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The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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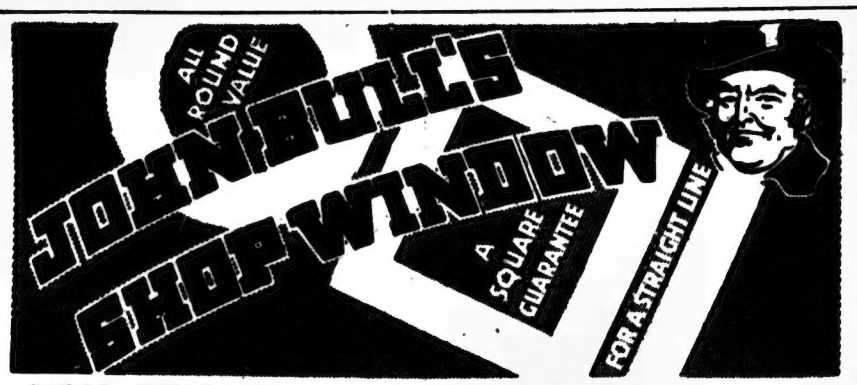
GUARANTEED Relief, with Burgess' Lion Ointment. Why suffer any longer? For Guarantee Form, satisfaction or money refunded, write Edwin Burgess Ltd., London, W.C.1. Sure, quick, safe. Mr. T. A. W. writes:—"I suffered agony with Boils; Carbuncles and Abscesses, and it was not until I tried Lion that I found relief."

Lion Ointment, the household standby for 85 years for Boils, Carbuncles, Whitlows, Abscesses, Poisoned Wounds, Stings, Bites, Burns, Scalds.—From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box.

CORNS

Corns are old-fashioned. Get rid of them the new way. Ask your chemist for Peter Pan Corn Caps. Ninepence cures a corn.

A. de St. Dalmas & Co., Ltd., Leicester.



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3.

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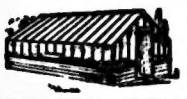

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GREENHOUSES
£2.17.6
(Everything complete.)

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To advertise our catalogue, we offer you a smart rubber soled moulded shoe at the cost price of 3/11, post 9d. To render waterproof, the stout rubber sole is moulded to the upper, making it impossible for the severest weather to penetrate. We guarantee months of hard service. Send for a pair now. Recommended for mechanics, country wear, golf, warehouse, or smart City wear.

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RADIO-GRAM
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Faultless English & Continental radio and perfect record reproduction guaranteed. Ready to play. 37 ins. high. Celestion Speaker. Garrard Motor. Pick-up. Pertrix Battery. Accumulator and special 3-valve S.G. circuit. British throughout.

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A.C. or D.C. Eliminator can be supplied for this model.

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INSIST ON REPAIRS WITH

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6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2.16.0 or	5/9 monthly
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Carr. Paid. **Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 66,** of Garages, Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,500 sizes and designs.

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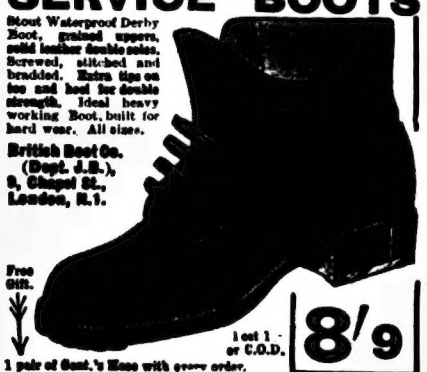

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8/9

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Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. S.S.), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

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Free advice on all Constructional Work.

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TOO late! By the time the arm of the Law has reached out to pounce upon the marauders they may be miles away, leaving behind them a trail of ransacked drawers and rooms turned topsy-turvy in the search for valuables.

Your daily newspaper will tell you how real is the risk. Is your home covered against this menace?

You will bolt the doors and the windows at night in an easier frame of mind if you are covered by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance, which makes provision against Burglary and House-breaking up to £200.

Free Burglary Insurance, recently introduced into the scheme, is a boon none may ignore.

10% BONUS.

Readers should remember that all benefits under the scheme are subject to a 10 per cent. bonus paid to all readers who, at the time of receiving benefit, have been registered for three months or more.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness and Accident, including accidents to the children, *and* burglary risks—JOHN BULL covers you free against all these dangers.

Before your security may be rudely shattered, why not sign the registration forms below?

HOLIDAY RISKS.

When on holiday the risk of accident is greatly increased. Readers remain covered whilst away in Great Britain, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in case of a claim arising it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence delivery immediately on their return.

JOHN BULL HAS NOW PAID OVER 83,000 CHEQUES.

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JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 27/8/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

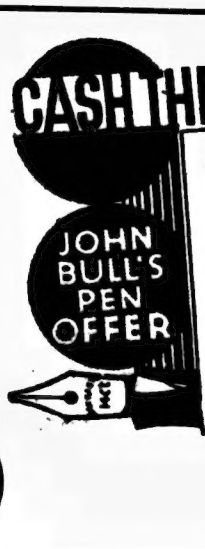
Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 27/8/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!



JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance.** *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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£50 £40 £30 £20 £19 £18
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30 PRIZES OF £2·10
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STILL BIGGER
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£750
LAST WEEK OF £10,000 HOLIDAY CAMPAIGN
LAST UNIQUE BONUS FOR FIRST PRIZE-WINNER
MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO
First-class return tickets to London on any Friday or Saturday—luxurious limousine with chauffeur meets JOHN BULL'S guests at station—conveys them to hotel and remains at their complete disposal until their departure on Sunday evening or Monday morning, as desired.
Saturday's programme of entertainment, to be arranged on arrival with the Competition Editor, could include an all-day sight-seeing tour of London with guide, train an aeroplane over the City, an hour at a non-stop variety performance, dinner, seats at any West End Theatre, and a midnight visit to the thundering printing presses of Long Acre. Sunday's plans could include a motor-tour to Windsor and beautiful Surrey, or a river trip on the Thames, or a visit to friends within reach of London.
All expenses of accommodation and entertainment will be met by JOHN BULL, whose guests will not, of course, be subjected to any form of publicity in connection with their visit, which will remain a happy memory for life.
or £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE

LAST DAYS TO WIN A "JOHN BULL" HOLIDAY!

THE closing offer of JOHN BULL'S £10,000 Holiday Campaign is now before you, and you will see that the First Prize has been increased yet again. The fine sum of £750 awaits the best *Bullet*, and the winner will have the added privilege of celebrating his victory with a Millionaire's Week-end for two at JOHN BULL'S expense. This enormous First is but one of the final Fifty Holiday Prizes which are waiting to be won—but waiting for a few days only.

Your first step in making *Bullets* is to read slowly through the *Examples* provided, noting down as you go the rough ideas which they bring to your mind. Now sort out your ideas and compress the best of them into comments of TWO THREE or FOUR words, added neatly to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you should choose the *Example* LIFE'S MUSIC; well, by adding the words WHEN YOU "CALL TUNE," you could complete a *Bullet*.

Here are some recent winners to show you a few of countless styles which may bring you a big success:—

(£500) TO CONQUER THE WORLD—SONNY'S AMBITION—GARDEN, FATHER'S.
(500 Gns.) BE BOLD AND—*Don't* BRAVE LIFE ALONE!
(4,500 Gns.) IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek*.
(£500) SWEET MEMORY—LOCK IN LOCKET UNLOCKS.
(£600) TO BRIGHTEN BRITAIN—HELP—IT'S "YOUR PLACE."
(1,250 Gns.) BACHELOR PRINCE—"SPORT" EVE *Hasn't* "CONQUERED."
(£1,000) CLIMBING THE TREE—ASPIDISTRA—PRIVET—SHRUBBERY—PARK.
(£600) THEIR CAR—CREATES SENSATION—SCENTS CREATION.
(£1,500 and Life Pension) CURIOUS COINCIDENCE—UNLUCKY WORLD—FEWER HORSESHOES.
(£500 and £10 Yearly) BUSINESS WOMAN—"BUSY LITTLE WOMAN" PREFERABLE.
(£600 and £10 Yearly) THEIR HOLIDAY—CHEAP—OTTAWA "BRACING" EMPIRE.
(£800 and £10 Yearly) AVERAGE MAN—BETTER FOR "FOR BETTER—"

With these winning styles fresh in your mind, get busy with the *Examples* at once If you want to be in time to win a Holiday Cheque your entry must be in by Saturday, September 3.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 863

SPIRIT OF FRIENDSHIP	AIMING HIGH	THE JUDGE
COMPLICATES MATTERS	SHE DEMANDS	IT COSTS A LOT, BUT
SCENE OF DESOLATION	LIFE'S MUSIC	NOW AND THEN
WHEN A MAN'S HANDY	FINE	AT TWILIGHT
HE KEPT HIS HEAD AND	MOTHER KNOWS	TRICKERY
GETTING SENTIMENTAL	HELPS ME ALONG	HIS WORK
WHAT THE WAG SAID	TAKES COURAGE	CRUSHING
SPLITTING HIS SIDES	TOO GOOD TO MISS	"CERTAINLY NOT!"
WHEN THE PUB CAUGHT FIRE	I'M A FOOL, SO	GOOD SHOT
WHAT IS A CONFERENCE?	TO HER	KEPT IN
	WITH A LONG FACE	HEAVY TASK

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The result of Competition No. 860 will appear in our issue on sale Thursday next, September 1.

The original cheque for £800 chosen by the First Prize winner in Competition No. 859 will be displayed in the window of Mr. R. Hart, Shrivenham Road Post Office, Swindon.

"COUPLETS" HOLDS THE RECORD!

Have you tried your hand at "Couplets," the new rhyming contest, in which £150 in cash prizes is distributed weekly in the record time of seven days only after closing date? Chuckle over the winners in to-morrow's "Passing Show" and send a shiner yourself.

YOUR FREE GUIDE TO "BULLETS"

WHEN this week's winner of £750 cash comes up to London to enjoy the Millionaire's Week-end for two, a guide will be provided free by JOHN BULL. Meanwhile, will you accept from JOHN BULL the free services of a guide to *Bullets* success?

Before securing *Bullets Bulletin* many readers had never known the thrill of winning a cash prize. Why not let JOHN BULL'S guide to the prize-list be your helper, too?

Remember—you pay nothing for the twelve copies of *Bullets Bulletin* which will begin arriving soon after you post off the coupon given. JOHN BULL bears their cost. You pay only the postage of one halfpenny weekly on this publication which may help you to win pounds.

Out with your pen and post off this coupon to-night!

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(863) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 3 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. — Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(863) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 3 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. — Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(863) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 3 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(863) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 3 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. — Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 863, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 863 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

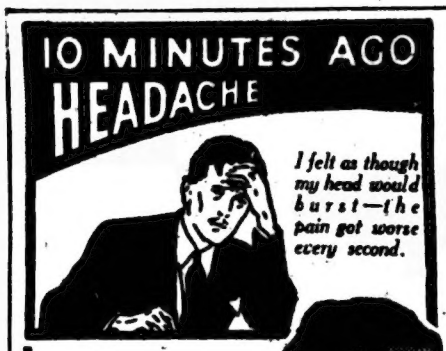
Do not send this coupon with your "Bullets" entry

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

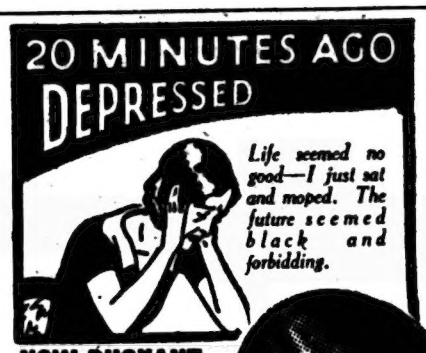
.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.



NOW COMPLETELY PAIN FREE

I took 2 "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and in 10 minutes the pain had gone—COMPLETELY! What a glorious deliverance!



NOW BUOYANT AND LIVELY!

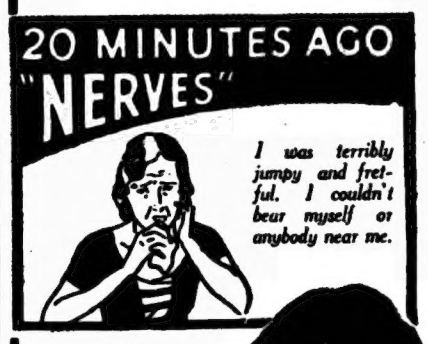
In 20 minutes "Yeast-Vite" made the dark clouds roll away. I felt Buoyant, Lively—eager to enjoy life.

NOW FRESH & FULL OF LIFE!

After taking "Yeast-Vite" I was ready for anything. I felt I could do another hard day's work!

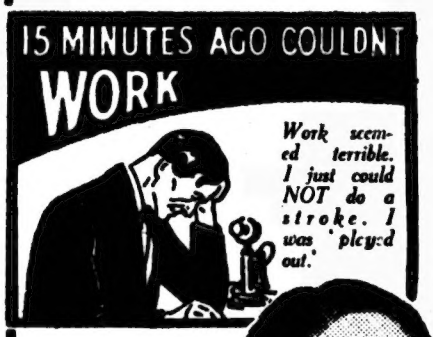
NOW—KEEN APPETITE

"Yeast-Vite" put a keen edge on my appetite. I actually ate a good meal and thoroughly enjoyed it.



NOW NERVES LIKE STEEL

What a difference "Yeast-Vite" made! In 20 minutes I felt a new woman entirely. All life was happier.



NOW EAGER FOR WORK

A friend told me to take "Yeast-Vite." In 15 minutes I was working with energy and positive enthusiasm.

NOW FULL OF VIM

"Yeast-Vite" made me full of Vim—in 20 minutes. My whole body seemed infused with new strength and life.

Everyday Pictures OF EVERYDAY Health Marvels

WHY 'YEAST-VITE' IS LIFE

Here in this revealing series of "True to Life" pictures are shown just a few of the Everyday Health Marvels which "Yeast-Vite" is accomplishing day in, day out, all over the globe.

Everybody is so amazed and delighted that everywhere they are asking "What is the Secret?" It is told in a few words.

The fact is that

YEAST-VITE

is 3 Remedies in One

It is a Rapid Pain-Reliever, Speedy Nerve Restorative and Lightning Tonic Pick-me-Up. It is a scientifically accurate combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast, Vitamins (especially the ALL-Important Anti-Neuritic Vitamin "B"), and other valuable Tonic Ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

Go to your chemist NOW—AT ONCE—and immediately test "Yeast-Vite" under our record guarantee of "No Cure—No Pay!" Notice how different you feel—in a very few minutes! Notice how life seems brighter, how buoyancy, energy, enthusiasm—sheer joy of Life permeates your frame! Notice how pains vanish and Depression fades away.

IRRESISTIBLE HEALTH COMBINATION

Such a combination of Health forces is irresistible. For not only does 'Yeast-Vite' benefit Body, Blood, Brain and Nerves, but it gives its benefits QUICKLY—SURELY! Not only does 'Yeast-Vite' banish—often in a few minutes—the agony of Pain, the torture of "Nerves," the terror of Indigestion, the blackness of Depression, Weakness and Exhaustion, but it feeds the body with LASTING HEALTH and puts right the underlying trouble which causes your suffering.

Never before has such a Vital combination of Health Forces been placed at the immediate service of all suffering men and women!

Never before has such a remedy so rapidly forged to the forefront of popular favour!

Determine Now never to endure another moment's suffering. YOU can benefit TO-DAY from this great discovery of Modern Medical Science!

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try them at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

Yeast-Vite BRAND

Quick Tonic Tablets, From All Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Bottle

T.C.B.

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